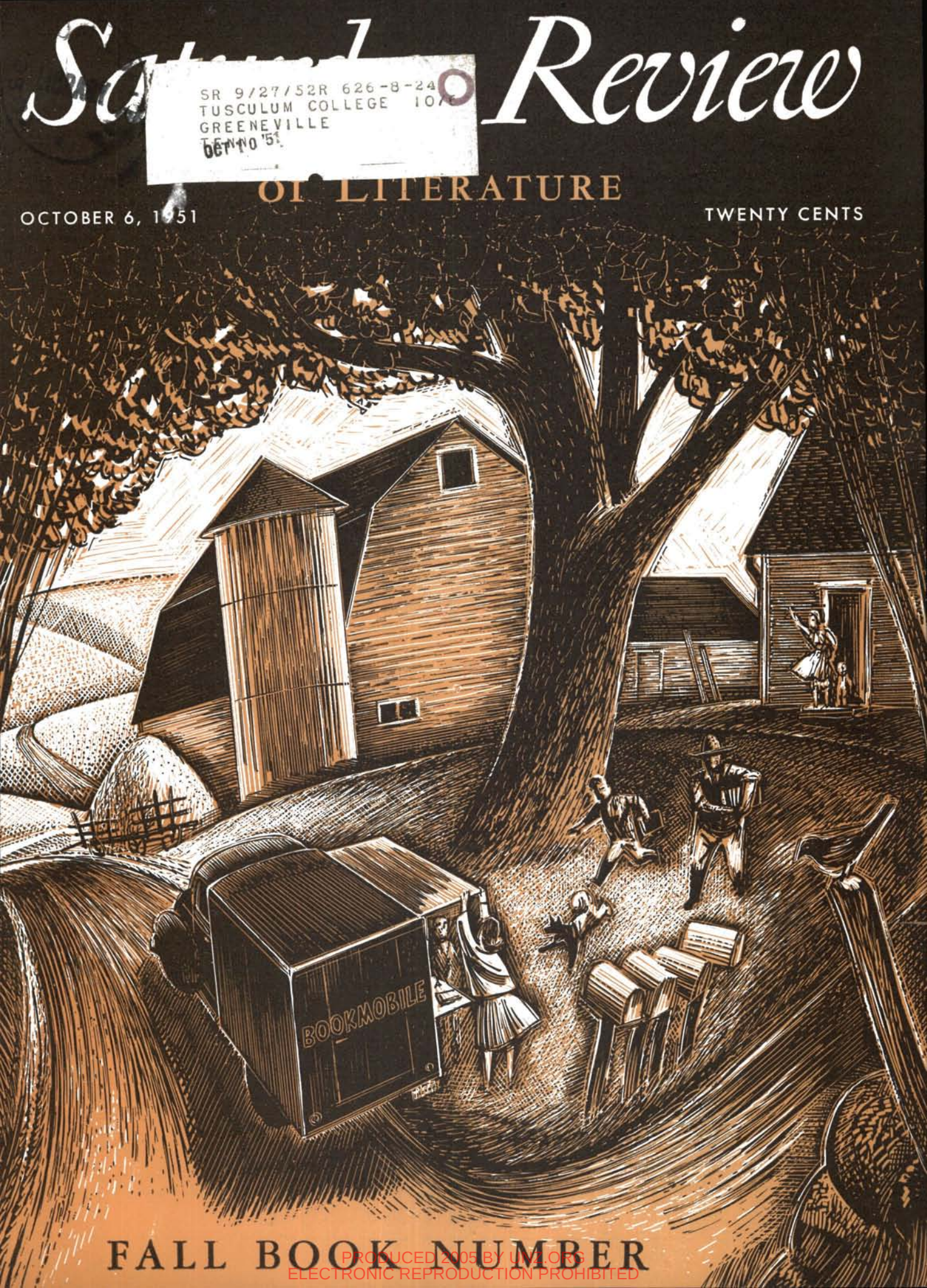
Saturday Review

SR 9/27/52R 626-8-24
TUSCULUM COLLEGE
GREENEVILLE
TENN
OCT 10 '51

OF LITERATURE

OCTOBER 6, 1951

TWENTY CENTS



FALL BOOK NUMBER

PRODUCED 2005 BY UMI/ORS
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Time and the Wind

by ERICO VERISSIMO

As big as life itself! . . Power sweep, grandeur in a romantic novel of a family and a nation's destiny. Set in old Brazil, it is truly a novel for the years! $4.95

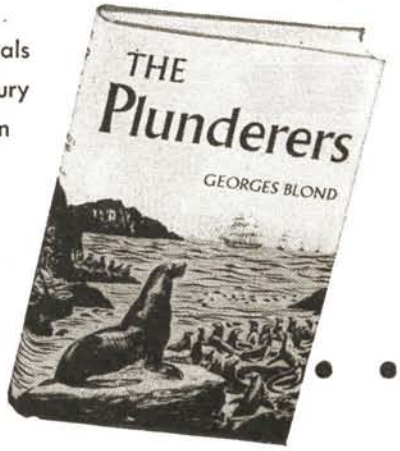
Sean O'Casey

COLLECTED PLAYS

At last—two more volumes of O'Casey's collected plays! Vol. 3—*Purple Dust, Red Roses for Me, Hall of Healing* (one-act); Vol. 4—*Oak Leaves and Lavender, Cock-a-Doodle Dandy, Bedtime Story* (one-act), *Time to Go* (one-act). Vols. 3 & 4, $5 the set. 4-vol. set, $10

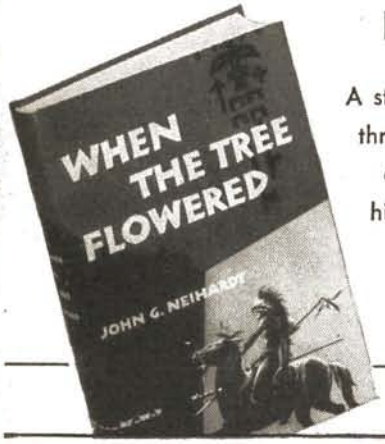
THE PLUNDERERS *by Georges Blond*

An epic novel of seals and their 18th-century destroyers. Has been compared to the work of Melville, Kipling Oct. 9, $3.50



John G. Neihardt

WHEN THE TREE FLOWERED



A striking novel showing, through the Indian's own eyes, the greatness of his culture, the tragedy of its extinction. $3.50

THE NOVELS OF TURGENEV

Only $1.75 each in the renowned Constance Garnett translation! Now available: A HOUSE OF GENTLEFOLK, SMOKE, VIRGIN SOIL (two volumes, $3.50 the set), FATHERS AND CHILDREN, ON THE EVE. Handsomely bound and printed.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This Week

Fall Book Number

Cover Design by Hal McIntosh

Features

Page

HOT WORDS ON CAPITOL HILL
By Claude M. Fuess.....13

THOMAS WOLFE DID NOT KILL MAXWELL PERKINS
By Edward C. Aswell.....16

THE LITERARY SAMPLER 18

CURRENT BOOKS WORTH READING
The Nation's Critics Vote.....22

Reviews

THE STORY OF THE NEW YORK TIMES—1851-1951
Reviewed by Jonathan Daniels.....24

ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF FAMOUS PAGES FROM THE NEW YORK TIMES, 1851-1951
Reviewed by John T. Winterich.....25

THE FORRESTAL DIARIES
Reviewed by Harold B. Hinton.....28

THE RISE AND FALL OF HERMANN GOERING
Reviewed by Henry B. Kranz.....29

THE PAVILION
Reviewed by John Faulkner 32

THE BLESSING
Reviewed by Rosemary Carr Benét.....33

LETTY LANDON
Reviewed by Howard Mumford Jones....34

THE SPIRIT AND THE BRIDE
Reviewed by Martin Levin.....34

HAN TOMB ART OF WEST CHINA
Reviewed by Horace H. F. Payne.....54

THE ART OF INDIA AND PAKISTAN
Reviewed by Dorothy Norman.....54

THE MODE IN FURS
Reviewed by Millia Davenport.....55

Departments

TRADE WINDS
By Bennett Cerf 6

LITERARY CRYPT 10

EDITORIAL 26

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.....27

LITERARY I.Q. 32

SRL GOES TO THE MOVIES.....35

TV AND RADIO
By Robert Lewis Shayon.....37

MUSIC TO MY EARS
By Irving Kolodin.....38

THE NEW RECORDINGS
By Edward Tatnall Canby.....50

THE FINE ARTS
By James Thrall Soby.....52

DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 915.....59

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. E. De Golyer, Chairman of the Board; Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer; Robert A. Burghardt, Advertising Director; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Ray Goodman, Circulation Manager. Subscription $6 a year; $7 in Canada. Member of Audit Bureau of Circulations. Printed in U. S. Vol. XXXIV, No. 40, October 6, 1951. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office in New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

Entire issue copyright 1951 by Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

Princeton
UNIVERSITY PRESS

Powell of the Colorado

By WILLIAM CULP DARRAH. An exciting biography of John Wesley Powell—the first American explorer of the unmapped Colorado River and one of the earliest government leaders to take an enlightened view of the Indians. "The best book on Powell in print. A fascinating study of an extraordinary man."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

"More than a biography of one man, it is an American saga."—*N.Y. Herald Tribune. Illustrated.* $6.00

The Open Society and its Enemies

By K. R. POPPER. "Popper demonstrates that Plato, Hegel, and Marx formulated ideas in political philosophy inimical to the 'Open Society,' i.e., to a society based on reason and not on myth. This unprejudiced defense of the individual and his rights is one of the most urgent needs of Western civilization."—*Saturday Review.*

"A work of first class importance. Should be read for its masterly criticism of the enemies of democracy, ancient and modern."—*Bertrand Russell.*

Revised, one-volume edition, $7.50

Modern France

PROBLEMS OF THE THIRD & FOURTH REPUBLICS

Edited by EDWARD MEAD EARLE. The most comprehensive study of modern France to appear in recent years. "Rich, provocative, and enlightening."
—*N.Y. Herald Tribune*

"An excellent symposium."—*Christian Science Monitor.* "Indispensable to students of French affairs. Thorough, lucid, and well-balanced."—*Albert Guérard.* $6.00

At your bookstore *Princeton University Press*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fall Highlights

The smallest corner of Ireland, described by the author of ***Bridie Steen,*** *becomes a corner of the human soul*

Of *Bridie Steen*, James Hilton said "not since Jane Eyre has there been a keener portrayal of the simple, courageous girl beset by strong attachments both sacred and profane." Miss Crone's second memorable heroine—Faith Storey—has to choose between two men: Mark Liddell, a farmer, and Antony Fletcher, an intellectual whose father does not include Faith in his plans for his son. In a story rich in complexity of human relationships, the tiny town of Derrygawley becomes the background for love's age-old battle against the demands of family and the tyrannies of circumstance.

$3.00

This PLEASANT LEA

by Anne Crone

HARDROCK AND SILVER SAGE

by Ross Santee

Author of THE BUBBLING SPRING

Here is Santee at his best. Another wonderful story of the Old West—of cowboys and hardrock miners, and of "Pop" Nolan, his two sons, and their search for a better life. *With the author's superb illustrations.* *$3*

THE DAY BEFORE TOMORROW

by Robert Waithman

The land of Mother's Day and the wolf-whistle analyzed by a Britisher whose eleven years in the United States have given him a many-dimensional view of the American scene. Our foibles, glories and institutions from foreign policy to jam-sessions as seen by a sympathetic outsider who has a firm conviction that America is here to stay. *Coming October 22.* *$2.75*

at your bookseller

• CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS •

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from Scribners

Two New Volumes in a Monumental Biography

George Washington

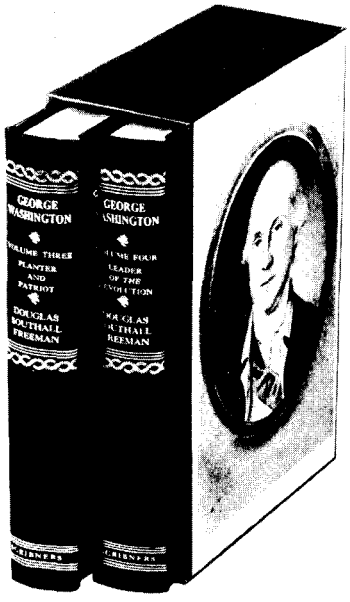
by Douglas Southall Freeman

Vol. III—Planter and Patriot

Vol. IV—Leader of the Revolution

The campaign of 1775 becomes vivid reality as it summons Washington from his Virginia plantation to become Commander-in-Chief of an army faced with seemingly insuperable odds. Dr. Freeman brilliantly captures the exciting incident and high climax of those fateful years leading to the French recognition of our independence. "He is restoring to the nation a part of its rightful heritage that it somehow let slip away."

—ALLAN NEVINS,
New York Times



Vols. III and IV Boxed $15.00

Vols. I-IV Four Volumes Boxed Together $30.00

Coming October 15

A LITTLE TREASURY OF BRITISH POETRY

Edited by Oscar Williams

THE CHIEF POETS (1500-1950)

The most comprehensive collection of English poetry since the *Oxford Book of English Verse*—more than 700 of the great poems, covering four and a half centuries, from Spenser and Donne to Auden and T. S. Eliot. 74 photographs and portraits; index; double buckram binding; gilt top, silk reading ribbon, cellophane wrap, 896 pages. Boxed. *Coming October 15.* *$5.00*

THE QUEST OF THE SCHOONER ARGUS

by Alan Villiers

An exciting voyage with the Portuguese codfishing fleet—the thrills of working the North Atlantic fishing grounds from the rugged, graceful, four-masted schooners. Magnificently illustrated with photographs by the author. *$3.75*

NO GREEN PASTURES

by Roi Ottley

To all who believe that America is the only country with a Negro "problem," this book presents a spirited, carefully documented answer. A skilled reporter reveals the situation of the Negro in England, France, Italy, Germany, the Balkans, Greece, Egypt and Israel. *Coming October 22.* *$3.00*

• CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS •

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Announcing . . .
New Books from
FUNK & WAGNALLS

STRONG CIGARS AND LOVELY WOMEN
by John Lardner
Fifty-one satiric, incisive pieces about the world of sports capture the fascinating flavor of the behind-the-scenes milieu of a business peopled with "characters." Selections from the author's popular column that has given many a chuckle to Newsweek readers. A NEWSWEEK BOOKSHELF BOOK. *October, $2.50.*

THERE'S MONEY IN PICTURES
by Leo M. Solomon
For the amateur and professional, a book that tells how to market all kinds of pictures for publication. A how-to-do-it by one of the country's most successful picture editors. Includes list of chief buyers. A NEWSWEEK BOOKSHELF BOOK.
November, $3.00.

SELL—AS CUSTOMERS LIKE IT
by William E. Sawyer, Director of Education for Johnson & Johnson; and A. C. Busse, Ph. D., Professor of Speech, Consultant on Salesmanship, N. Y. U.
Analyzes salesman-customer relationship in retail selling, and illustrates by anecdotes and case histories, the basic sales techniques for successful selling.
October, $2.50.

SPEAK UP MANAGEMENT!
How to Communicate with Employees and Public
by Robert Newcomb and Marg Sammons
This practical, down-to-earth handbook will give you sound ideas for use in your business, social, and employee relations. A MODERN INDUSTRY BOOK.
November, $5.00.

THE WORLD OF MAN
by Georg Groddeck, M. D.
From England, comes Groddeck's famous book on the world of man and the world of art. Analyses of a number of masterpieces, including Michelangelo's "David," "The Creation of Woman"; Sassoferrato's "The Three Ages of Man"; Durer's "The Fall of Man"; Cranach's "Venus and Cupid," and many others. *$4.00.*

THE UNKNOWN SELF
by Georg Groddeck, M. D.
The ambivalence of the emotions of love and hate is the central theme of this book, which includes Groddeck's most important and original paper, "The It and the Gospels," putting forth his concept of the Cross as the symbol of the mother. *$3.00.*

MODERN CRIMINAL INVESTIGATION
4th Revised Edition.
by John J. O'Connell and Harry Söderman, D.Sc.
This standard reference in the field has been completely revised and rewritten, with new chapters on police organization, problems with missing persons, drug addiction, plant protection, etc.
November, $4.75.

CASSELL'S FRENCH DICTIONARY
Completely re-edited, reset and brought up to date with new words and expressions. Vocabulary greatly expanded. October, $5.50 plain; $5.75 thumb-indexed.

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY
153 East 24th Street, New York 10, N. Y.

TRADE Winds

A SUBSTANTIAL PICKUP IN BOOK business throughout the nation in the past eight weeks has enabled the most woebegone of publishers to sit up and take a little nourishment—say a filet mignon at Le Pavillon and a Jeroboam of champagne—but everybody realizes that the basic problem remains unsolved. In the United States today—and this cannot be pointed out too often—there are not enough Class A distributors of hard-bound books, and those who are in existence are not earning anything like a fair return on their investment. Until something drastic is done to alleviate this situation, book business will run into deeper and deeper doldrums.

Last month Doubleday and Company, one of the "big six" in the publishing world, took the most drastic step yet. An out-of-the-blue announcement that it would assume full transportation charges on all Doubleday and Garden City books shipped to booksellers anywhere shattered all precedent. The jubilation of booksellers can be explained by the fact that postage and freight charges on incoming books come to 1.9 per cent of the average store's total volume. By the same token, the possible assumption of this substantial cost by other publishers, some already hard pressed, poses a problem that has Doubleday's competitors by the ears. How many will dare follow Doubleday's example? How can Doubleday afford the experiment at a time like this? While the industry was buzzing over the news, I lured Doubleday's genial and forthright president, Doug Black, to lunch at Toots Shor's, and after being whacked by the mastodon proprietor into the proper mood of congeniality and exhaustion, began firing at Mr. Black my list of prepared questions.

What had prompted Doubleday's sudden move?

"I was out at Bohemian Grove in California this summer," said Doug, "and en route to the Coast and back I had a chance to talk with a wide variety of retail booksellers. Every one of them confirmed what my salesmen had been dinning into my ears all winter: if something wasn't done mighty fast, some of the few remaining top-line outlets would give up the ghost, and more book sections in the leading department stores would be abandoned or moved up behind the mah-jong sets on the eleventh floor. I decided the time had come for immediate action. The brain trust was scattered all the way to hell and gone, but I contacted Milt Runyon in Bermuda, Tom Burns in Easthampton, and Joe Marks in Martha's Vineyard. They all voted 'Yes.' So we cast the die."

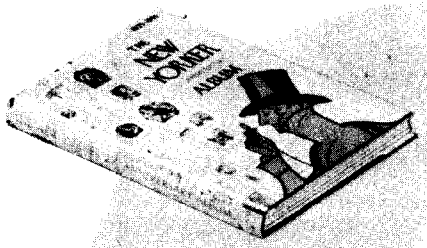
My next question, "How much do you figure your move is going to cost Doubleday in the coming fiscal year?" sent Doug Black scurrying into his most legalistic, Morningside Heightsian inscrutability. I prodded him with, "I'll bet the sum will be $200,000 if it's a penny." "I think your figure may be somewhat excessive," he conceded finally. "Anyhow, we should be able to save up to 15 per cent of the added cost in bookkeeping simplifications. We hope to make up the rest in increased volume. We're hoping, too, of course, that the amended postal-rate bill, which keeps the rate for books at the present level, will be passed by Congress. The industry owes profound thanks to the Congressional committees and especially to Senators Olin Johnston and Brien McMahon and Representative Tom Murray for their stalwart support."

Did Doubleday contemplate reducing discounts, royalties, commissions, or salaries to compensate for the added burden imposed?

"Definitely not," snapped Black. "Such steps have never been con-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Harper Headliners

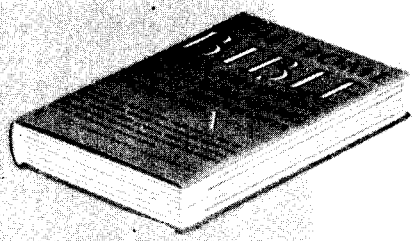


THE NEW YORKER 25th ANNIVERSARY ALBUM

"If this isn't the finest collection of humorous drawings ever assembled in a single volume, I'd like to know what is."—FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN. Nearly 1,000 cartoons. 384 pages. *Coming Oct. 17.* $5.00

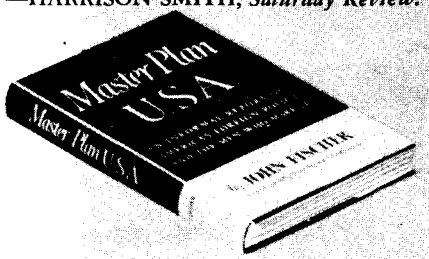
MR. SMITH

The New Novel **by LOUIS BROMFIELD.** "Not only highly readable, but a trenchant comment on our times . . . He has accomplished the remarkable feat of turning the clock backward in time to the Louis Bromfield who wrote *The Green Bay Tree.*"—HARRISON SMITH, *Saturday Review.* $3.00



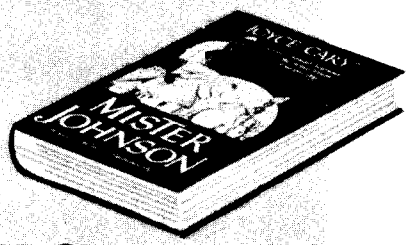
THE HOME BIBLE

The King James Version abridged and arranged in one continuous narrative for family reading **by RUTH HORNBLOWER GREENOUGH.** *With 2 plates in full color. 30 black-and-white full-page reproductions of the immortal BLAKE illustrations. Marginal illustrations by RUDOLPH RUZICKA.* $6.00



MASTER PLAN U.S.A.

By JOHN FISCHER. "Here, at last, the ordinary reader can find the essentials of our present foreign policy set forth in clear and readable terms . . . a valuable contribution to the public enlightenment."—ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.
Coming October 17. $3.00

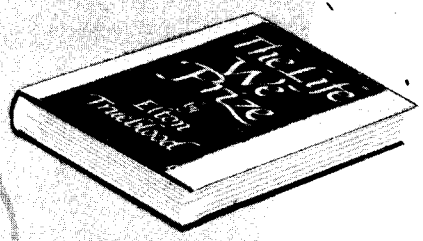


MISTER JOHNSON

By JOYCE CARY. A West African novel "combining the laughter-making, masculine fun of Kipling with the clear daylight irony and perceptiveness of E. M. Forster."
—*London News Chronicle.* $3.00

THE INDIGO BUNTING

A Memoir of Edna St. Vincent Millay **by VINCENT SHEEAN.** Through one aspect of her life — her love of birds — Vincent Sheean reveals the essence of her nature and her poetry. *Coming October 17.* $2.50



THE LIFE WE PRIZE

By ELTON TRUEBLOOD. Only if we understand our own way of life can we set it against Communism. Here is the book to read to know our precious heritage—how we can put it to work—how it can set us free. $2.50

Coming November 1

STRANGE LANDS AND FRIENDLY PEOPLE

A book of discovery and adventure south of the Soviet Border by **WILLIAM O. DOUGLAS,** author of *Of Men and Mountains.* Frontispiece and 8 pages of photographs. $4.00

At all bookstores • **HARPER & BROTHERS**

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Random House bestsellers

Requiem for a Nun

By WILLIAM FAULKNER. His first novel since receiving the 1950 Nobel Prize for Literature. A startling departure from his nineteen previous works. *$3.00*

Limited edition, signed by the author, $10.00

Return to Paradise

By JAMES A. MICHENER. "Even better than TALES OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune.* "Consistently and vastly entertaining. The lure and enchantment of the islands are all here."—*Philadelphia Inquirer.* A Book-of-the-Month Club selection. *$3.50*

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF

William Carlos Williams

At 68, Dr. Williams writes the story of his rich double-life . . . as a busy small-town doctor . . . and as one of America's great men of letters. "What a rich, sprawling book this is! Fascinating reading." *N. Y. Herald Tribune Book Review.* *$3.75*

The Troubled Air

By IRWIN SHAW. The new success by the author of THE YOUNG LIONS. An electrifying novel of betrayal and loyalty in America's age of fear. "The most impressive performance by an American novelist in recent years."—*Chicago Sun-Times.* "Vivid, dramatic, highly readable."—*N. Y. Times.* *$3.75*

No People Like Show People

By MAURICE ZOLOTOW. The fascinating lowdown on Tallulah Bankhead, Jimmy Durante, Jack Benny, Fred Allen, and others. "Fast reading and fun. Will make you the hit of any party if you read aloud its more ribald wisecracks and anecdotes."—*Chicago Tribune.* *$3.00*

At all bookstores, RANDOM HOUSE, NEW YORK

sidered for a moment. We feel we'll gain a big advantage by getting more of our books into the stores. Booksellers have been compelled to let their inventories drop below the danger line. That involves a big loss for everybody. You can't sell books that are piled up at the bindery."

How did booksellers react to the Doubleday announcement?

"I received 140 letters in the first week," said Doug. "Almost all of them were most gratifying, but a couple had reservations like 'Wonderful—if true' or 'I'll bet there's a catch somewhere.' Booksellers haven't exactly been conditioned to largesse from the publishers in recent years."

Did Doubleday expect other publishers to follow its lead?

"I hope so." Black smiled. "But of course that's their problem, not ours. I know we've taken a daring step—but this is a time for daring measures. What do *you* think will happen?" "I believe the situation is complicated for the time being," was my guess, "pending the FTC investigation of the whole publisher-bookclub-bookseller relationship. Who knows how much time it will consume and what the legal charges will come to? A lot of publishers won't want to change the status quo until they know just where they stand. As for the book clubs, I'm sure that as long as the public responds favorably, they're here to stay. Remember the Hollywood magnate who mourned to Gene Fowler, 'With all this television competition, what's going to happen to movie producers?' Fowler countered with, 'What happened to blacksmiths?'"

"Talking about old Gene, hey?" boomed Toots Shor from across the room. His ear is particularly attuned to mention of any one of his innumerable old pals. "See that you give his new book on Jimmy Durante a good plug," he continued. "Whyn't you publish a book as good as 'Schnozzola'?" "Whyn't you find me one?" I answered.

ONE OF THE REASONS DOUBLEDAY is riding so high these days is the booming sale of Herman Wouk's "The Caine Mutiny." Ecstatic word-of-mouth recommendations not only elevated it to the Number One spot on best-seller lists (where it is likely to remain for months to come) but edged it beyond the 150,000 shell of confirmed book buyers into the uncharted territory where it is being bought by people who don't read more than one new book a year. Once a book hits that market, there's no telling how far it will go . . . Additional

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

YALE

Some provocative results of scholarship to be published this Autumn

Gertrude Stein . . . *A Biography of Her Work*

By Donald Sutherland. The first book of its kind ever published—a key to this famous expatriate's often puzzling view of reality. *Published. $3.75*

Two *(Gertrude Stein and Her Brother) and other early portraits (1908-1912)*

By Gertrude Stein. The first of eight volumes in the Yale Edition of the Unpublished Writings of Gertrude Stein. *Published. $5.00*

Auden *by Richard Hoggart*

The first full-length study of this important poet—which sheds clarifying light on the complex world of contemporary poetry. *October 17. $3.75*

Way to Wisdom *by Karl Jaspers*

Self-help in a profound vein. A famous European philosopher gives an eloquent introduction to the meaning of philosophy. *October 17. $3.00*

Era of Franklin D. Roosevelt*

by Denis W. Brogan. A chronicle of the New Deal and global war. "He moves through the years of the New Deal skillfully laying bare the essentials."—PROVIDENCE JOURNAL *November 12. $5.00*

From Versailles to the New Deal*

by Harold U. Faulkner. The Harding-Coolidge-Hoover era. "He makes clear the incompetence of the political, financial and moral leaders to cope with the problems of their time, but he is eminently fair to them."—N. Y. TIMES *November 12. $5.00*

The United States in a Chaotic World*
The New Deal and World Affairs*

by Allan Nevins. America's role in international affairs 1918-1933 and 1933-1945. "Masterly presentations of two distinct eras."—MIAMI HERALD *November 12. $5.00 each*

The Struggle for Survival*

by Eliot Janeway. Economic mobilization in World War II. The engrossing story of American production in the Second World War with its lessons for today. *November 12. $5.00*

War for the World* *by Fletcher Pratt*

Our fighting forces in World War II. "One of the most useful brief histories of the war."—SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE 25 maps. *November 12. $5.00*

Cicero: the Secrets of His Correspondence

by Jérôme Carcopino. A schoolboy's nemesis is unceremoniously stripped of his halo by the world's greatest authority on ancient Rome. *2 volumes, $7.50*

Science in Progress: 7th Series

Edited by George A. Baitsell. The seventh and latest volume in what the *New York Times* calls "the best anthology of contemporary scientific monographs available in any language." Bradley M. Patten, Arnold Gesell, T. M. Sonneborn, Ralph W. G. Wycoff, George Gaylord Simpson and Raymond M. Fuoss are among the many distinguished contributors. *November 12. Illustrated, $6.00*

The Psychology of Jung

(Revised Edition) by Jolande Jacobi. A time-saving survey of Jung's work enlarged and brought up to date. Bibliography, biographical sketch. *November 12. Illustrated, $3.75*

Justice According to Law

by Roscoe Pound. The law as seen by the dean of American jurisprudence, with some sharp asides on the star chamber methods of Congressional investigating committees. *November 14. $2.50*

Architecture and Town Planning in Colonial Connecticut

by Anthony Garvan. The how and why of colonial architecture, lavishly illustrated with interior and exterior photographs of Connecticut homes. Pre-publication price *$6.50.* *After November 14, $7.50*

Yale Edition of Horace Walpole's Correspondence *Edited by W. S. Lewis*

Volumes 15 and 16. *November 14. $10.00 each*

**A bookstore edition of The Chronicles of America.*

At your bookseller • **YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS** • *New Haven 7, Connecticut*

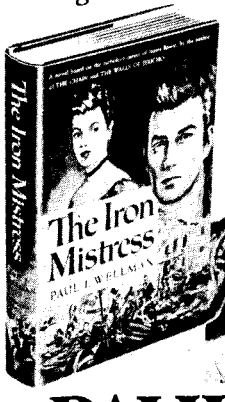
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In James Bowie's own time
THOMAS CARLYLE said of him:

"By Hercules!
The man was greater
than Caesar or
Cromwell . . .

The Texans ought to build
him an altar."

Now Texans and all Americans have something better than an altar to James Bowie, in this splendid, exciting novel of his life and achievements.



PAUL I. WELLMAN

Author of *The Trampling Herd,* "the most valuable sort of history of the Far West,"* and of *Broncho Apache,* a celebrated novel about a lone Indian's last stand against civilization—Paul I. Wellman now has done justice both to the Bowie legend and the Bowie historical record, in a thundering novel of that most fabulous of fighting men who fell at The Alamo.

THE IRON MISTRESS

- "The best written and the most maturely conceived historical novel that has yet been written on Texas."—J. FRANK DOBIE
- "If you like novels based on America's past, novels in which you can rely on the authenticity of the background, and even on the interpretation of events, then Wellman's your man."—JOSEPH HENRY JACKSON, *San Francisco Chronicle*
- "Few have given so vigorous a picture of Bowie's duels or the man who cut his way through them. Here is good Americana . . . told in the grand style."—HARNETT T. KANE, *Chicago Tribune*

OVER 500,000 IN PRINT. With colored map endsheets, $3.50

*N. Y. Herald Tribune.

DOUBLEDAY

information divulged by Douglas Black: Author Nelson Algren has shown his appreciation for the advance job the publisher performed on his forthcoming "Chicago: City on the Make" by naming his new cat "Doubleday." And Doug brought with him from Bohemian Grove this limerick:

There was a young lady named Gloria
Who did favors for Gerald du Maurier,
Frank Harris, Steve Crane,
And Sir Gerald again,
And the band at the Waldorf-Astoria.

I MENTIONED A JEROBOAM OF champagne in a preceding paragraph. I have it on the authority of expert William Feather that a Jeroboam contains 104 ounces of the bubbling vintage. A Split, furthermore, is a nip (6.4 ounces), a Tenth is a half-bottle (11.8 ounces), a Fifth is a bottle (25.6 ounces), a Magnum is two bottles (52 ounces), a Rehoboam is six bottles (156 ounces), a Methuselah is eight bottles (208 ounces), a Salmanazar is twelve bottles (312 ounces), a Balthazar is sixteen bottles (416 ounces), and a Nebuchadnezzar (wow!) is twenty bottles (520 ounces). Current quotation for a vintage Nebuchadnezzar is $375, plus $50 deposit for the bottle. First come, first served—and only two to a customer. —BENNETT CERF.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 433

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 433 will be found in the next issue.

MKAW KF H ANTWKJD

MHDJYHJW: HMM XWD

XKFETNDNYDRW KP.

— RBTKFPNEBWT XNTMWQ.

Answer to Crypt No. 432

What other dungeon is so dark as one's own heart! What jailer so inexorable as one's self!
—HAWTHORNE.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW OIL FIELDS

EDITORIAL REPRINTED FROM The New York Times

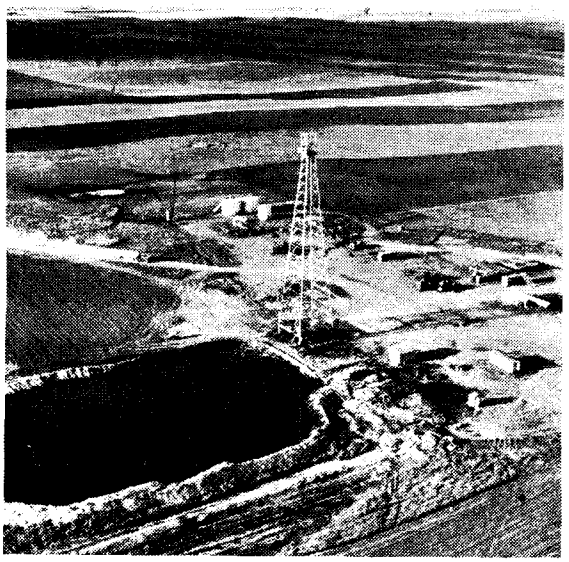
THE ROLE OF THE PROFIT MOTIVE

This editorial appeared recently in one of America's great newspapers. THE NEW YORK TIMES notes particularly the many skills and the great risks involved in the search for oil.

The development of new sources of oil is only one phase of oil company rivalry. The oil must be taken from the ground, refined into finished products, transported by pipeline, tanker, truck or tank car and marketed where and when it is needed. Every step of the way, every day, oilmen try to win more business by doing these jobs better, faster, more efficiently.

As THE NEW YORK TIMES says so emphatically:

"... the role of the profit motive in inducing socially useful action is of primary importance, a fact which our people and our legislators might well keep in mind."



IVERSON NO. 1—When this well, shown with its "slush pit," came in near Tioga in the Williston Basin, North Dakota became America's 27th oil-producing state. It was 29 years ago that a single oil company began the long search for oil in North Dakota. Today many oil companies, big and little, have leased over half the state's acreage for drilling, in the hope that the region will prove to be a major oil producer. Oil companies are getting ready to spend millions to find the answer.

"WHAT may well be the beginning of a new major domestic oil source in the northern Middle West is indicated by two recent important finds 100 miles apart, one last April in North Dakota and another in the past fortnight in Montana. For several decades this country has depended heavily, though not exclusively, upon southern and western areas—such states as Louisiana, Texas and California. If these new finds in North Dakota and Montana presage the opening of comparable rich fields they are of great importance.

"The mounting number of cars and oil heaters in this country is steadily increasing our consumption of this material, while from a global point of view the shadows over the future of oil production in the Middle East, particularly Iran, make it most desirable to increase production from more certain sources, as in this country, as rapidly as possible.

"In our gratification over these new finds we should not lose sight of the factors which made it possible for oil to be discovered at depths of 7,000 to 11,000 feet underneath the earth. The contributions of geologists, drilling technicians and related specialists are, of course, of the highest importance, for they make possible the location and then the reaching of this buried treasure. But important, too, are the enterprise and the willingness to bear risks which motivated these efforts. Wells that find oil are well publicized, but the large number which are no more than dry holes in the ground are recorded only in red ink in private ledgers.

"The men and organizations who search for oil at fantastic depths risk millions in such ventures, and frequently lose them. But they continue even after repeated disappointments because on balance profits can be made if a reasonable proportion of successes is attained. In this activity, as in many others, the role of the profit motive in inducing socially useful action is of primary importance, a fact which our people and our legislators might well keep in mind."

Oil Industry Information Committee • **AMERICAN PETROLEUM INSTITUTE** • 50 West 50th Street, New York 20, N.Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Dolphin in the Mountains

Fall announcement time at the Saturday Review of Literature is an occasion for a long but not necessarily level look at the big book season of the year. Just as well, for Fall of 1951 is a mountain range of high points. Points of greatest elevation for Saturday Reviewers are: ∞ A WAY THROUGH THE WOOD by **NIGEL BALCHIN,** $3.00, published September 6. One of England's top novelists writes of three pleasant people who are trying to be civilized about the fact that two of them are the lovers of one of them. Reviewers have reacted strongly to this, perhaps the neatest appraisal is Charles Poore's "A light novel about serious matters, a pleasure to read for its expert plotting and counter-plotting, and a wry sort of tribute to the elemental moralities." ∞ BIRTH OF A WORLD—BOLIVAR IN TERMS OF HIS PEOPLES by **WALDO FRANK,** $5.00 illustrated, published September 17. When Waldo Frank writes of Latin America the reviewing world agrees without dissent that the subject is in the hands of its preeminent North American interpreter. "Waldo Frank has written not only the biography of a man, but of a continent . . . it is a truly fine book." Claude Bowers, New York Times. Frank is studying Bolivar as an inspired architect of the political new world and achieves a superb portrait of a man whose triumph and tragedy is that he was born a century too soon. ∞ THE RISE AND FALL OF HERMANN GOERING by **WILLI FRISCHAUER,** $3.50, published September 17. A monumental research job backs this personal history of a villain. Frischauer permits some testimony from the friendly witness which adds depth to the portrait. "A work of lasting value." Orville Prescott. ∞ THE ENEMY by **WIRT WILLIAMS,** $3.00, published October 1. In its intensity it is an incomparable story of man and the sea and the expanding terror of an enemy that is never seen. A first novel with promise fulfilled. ∞ LIFE IN AMERICA by **MARSHALL B. DAVIDSON,** published in association with the Metropolitan Museum of Art, $20.00 the set, October 15 after a mountainous tally of man-hours in preparation. This is what Saki would label a "beyond-book" with twelve hundred pictures, largely unpublished hitherto, and a quarter of a million words of text. This is a possession that will endure in value for generations, it can be taken up a thousand times, it will reward a moment's glance or many hours of reading. It is a record of the present as we see it, of the past as its contemporaries saw it, an invaluable record for the future, and considered quite apart from its writing, open or closed, it is a thing of beauty. If you order before publication the price is $17.50. ∞ THE RIDDLE OF EMILY DICKINSON by **REBECCA PATTERSON,** $5.00 to be published November 5. A Houghton Mifflin Literary Fellowship Award probably destined to be the most controversial in that distinguished lineup, for this offers an unsettling new solution to the long-debated identity of the lover to whom Emily Dickinson addressed her poetry. ∞ **HENRY SEIDEL CANBY** whose reputation makes our comment superfluous studies the work of two novelists in a book which throws sharply revealing light on the paradox of our literary character. TURN WEST TURN EAST, Mark Twain and Henry James, to be published November 13. ∞ WONDERFUL WORLD OF TOOTS SHOR, by **JOHN BAINBRIDGE,** $2.50, November 7. This suffers the fate of all the best New Yorkers profiles — its metamorphosis into a book. This is a picture in the round of Toots and the world of the Pals and The Big Question. ∞ There should be a moment of silence in the contemplation of THE HOUR by **BERNARD DeVOTO,** $1.75, November 13. A master of the intoxicating phrase – Bernard DeVoto – writes of the cultural importance of hard liquor and the only hour – the cocktail hour. ∞ As we write this, it is the eve of general election in Great Britain. The challenger is England's man of the half century who is, unchallenged, the greatest historian-statesman of our age **WINSTON S. CHURCHILL.** In the fifth volume of the history of World War II, CLOSING THE RING, Mr. Churchill writes, more personally than before, of the thunderous year between Tunisia and D-Day. $6.00, November 23. ∞ THE ALARMS AND EXCURSIONS OF LADY LITTLEHAMPTON by **OSBERT LANCASTER,** January. At last Osbert Lancaster points his pen at America presenting us with an inimitable export model in a word-and-picture comment on current relations with our British cousins. ∞ CHOSEN COUNTRY by **JOHN DOS PASSOS,** December 3. Rather than remind you of Dos Passos' stature as one of the few great American novelists, we'd like to point out how Chosen Country differs from his earlier novels. This is his longest novel and it stands alone. It covers a century in time — a tender love story set in a large frame of our country's personal history. This is the same distinguished literary quality, but a wholly new and wholly captivating mood in a Dos Passos novel. That's the vista—peaks of every shape and color and the sum of the peaks even greater than the range.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY, PUBLISHERS

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review of Literature

Hot Words on Capitol Hill

CLAUDE M. FUESS

—Bachrach.

Claude M. Fuess

NOT LONG ago in the course of a speech Senator William E. Jenner, of Indiana, declared, "General Marshall not only is willing, he is eager to play the role of a front man for traitors. The truth is that this is no new role for him, for General George C. Marshall is a living lie." Senator Jenner went on to add that General Marshall, as Secretary of Defense, was "either an unsuspecting stooge or an actual co-conspirator with the most treasonable array of political cut-throats ever turned loose in the executive branch of the Government." On another recent occasion Senator Joseph R. McCarthy spoke of "the elegant and alien Acheson—Russian as to heart, British as to manner." He averred that Acheson's "primary loyalty in international affairs runs to the British Labor Government, his secondary allegiance is to the Kremlin, with none left over for the country of his birth." The same McCarthy maintained that General Marshall heads a great conspiracy "to diminish the United States in world affairs," and the Senator used the words "treasonable orders" in referring to the order that bade the Seventh Fleet immobilize Chiang Kai-Shek's forces on Formosa.

These recent oratorial explosions in Washington, and others like them, have focused the attention of thoughtful citizens on what is called "Congressional privilege" and its current abuse. Since the days of "snarling Thersites" and of the vitriolic Marcus Tullius Cicero, intemperate language and personal invective have been tolerated as unavoidable accompaniments of political dissension. Human nature is human nature, and even statesmen occasionally lose their self-control in the heat of debate. Within the past year, however, the epithets employed on the floor of Congress have often exceeded the bounds of good taste and have disturbed fair-minded members of both parties. The charges I have just quoted are far more serious than mere casual and spiteful vituperation. If a Senator in his wrath calls a private citizen or a Government official a "baboon" or a "jackass," that can be accepted as part of the routine of controversy. But treason, especially in these tense days, is a grave crime, which may cost a man his life; and when anybody is branded as a "spy" or a "traitor," or hears his patriotism impugned, he has a right to be resentful.

—Justus in The Minneapolis Star.

"A Lot of Words Get Kicked Around."

So far as I am aware, Secretary Marshall ignored Senator Jenner's and Senator McCarthy's remarks, probably disdaining them as beneath his notice. But under our Constitution he had no redress whatever. Speaking on the Senate floor, the Senators were perfectly safe and ran no risk of being made the defendants in a law suit; whereas General Marshall, if he had chosen to sink to the level of his defamer and retort in kind, would have been legally responsible for every word he uttered. The same applies to Mr. Acheson. The dice were loaded in favor of the Senators.

A similar denunciation in February 1950 had a different outcome. Senator Andrew F. Schoeppel, a relatively new Republican member from Kansas, raised in the warmth of a discussion in the Chamber a question as to the loyalty of Secretary of the Interior Oscar L. Chapman, a Democrat from Colorado. Senator Schoeppel confined himself to assertions, offered no direct proof of his accusations, and refused to repeat them when asked to do so face to face by Mr. Chapman. The incident happened at a period when persistent attacks were being made on the records of various members of the

---

Claude M. Fuess, author and educator, is well known for his books on Daniel Webster, Carl Schurz, and Calvin Coolidge.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Administration, and this seemed only another detail in the pattern.

In this case, however, friends of the aggrieved Cabinet member arranged immediately for a hearing before the Senate Interior and Insular Affairs Committee, where Mr. Chapman introduced evidence to refute every point which Senator Schoeppel had brought up; and when documentary testimony was not the appropriate answer, Secretary Chapman gave specific categorical replies under oath. After the first day, the Kansas Senator admitted that Secretary Chapman's defense had altered his own position in certain respects. Another hearing elicited no additional substantiating facts, and it turned out that Senator Schoeppel's allegations had nothing to support them but the vaguest gossip. At one point it was reported that the Secretary looked at Schoeppel and said rather plaintively: "Senator, if you had only called me on the telephone, there would have been no need for all this!"

So obvious was the situation that the Republican National Committee promptly raised its hands in a repudiating gesture; the Republican Policy Committee in Congress disavowed any responsibility for the attack; even Senator Taft hastened to deny any interest in, or connection with, the episode. But the incident did, at least, lead some of the more scrupulous legislators to consider the value of their privileges in a calmer mood than had been possible during the hypertension of the McCarthy outbursts. Schoeppel's derogatory words had clearly neither justification nor truth; yet many of those who recall them doubtless have secret reservations with regard to Secretary Chapman's character and associations. Whenever mud is hurled, no matter by or at whom, some of it invariably sticks. If the traditional Congressional immunity permits indiscriminate malignment of public officials or reputable private citizens, without their having any remedy, perhaps it is not so desirable as has been supposed. It is at least a prerogative which should be asserted with caution and not used as a cloak by cowards.

THE protection which members of our Congress enjoy in 1951 is based on a sentence under Article I, Section 6, of the Federal Constitution, reading as follows:

> They [the Senators and Representatives] shall in all cases, except treason, felony, and breach of peace, be privileged from arrest during their attendance at the sessions of their respective Houses, and in going to and returning from the same; and for any speech or debate in either House, they shall not be questioned in any other place.

This principle was certainly familiar to every delegate at Philadelphia, for it had been incorporated in the Articles of Confederation, ratified in 1781, and had already been expressed in the Constitutions of Maryland, New Hampshire, and Massachusetts; furthermore it can be traced back in its origins to the thirteenth century in England, when the deputies from the great towns summoned to take part in the deliberations of the national council were not unnaturally concerned about their personal safety. The theory of Parliamentary immunity was asserted and maintained against even such an autocratic sovereign as Queen Elizabeth and was brought by the colonists from England to our shores as part of their liberal heritage. The university men who set out for America during the Great Migration of the 1630's were fully informed regarding the hazards of the claims by British monarchs of their arbitrary power over Parliament and were eager to preserve in their new homes the safeguards which that body had built up over many years for its own protection. Thus through the evolution of parliamentary government the doctrine of legislative immunity became first a necessity and then a commonplace of Anglo-Saxon political thought.

American colonists jealous of their liberties could not fail to perceive that the quarrel of Charles I with his Parliament left the latter not only free but dominant; and the Bill of Rights, passed in 1689, declared explicitly that "the Freedom of Speech, and Debates or Proceedings in Parliament, ought not to be impeached or questioned in any Court or Place out of Parliament." By that date English law recognized that members of the House of Commons were exempt from arrest by civil process while attending the sessions and in going and returning. Indeed, a broad interpretation of this principle gave them immunity wherever they were, even though Parliament was not sitting. The notorious John Wilkes, in the 1760's, when arrested under a royal warrant, pleaded his privileges as a member of Parliament and was released. Then and there the doctrine of Parliamentary immunity was revived, reargued, and reaffirmed. The affair aroused intense interest in America, for Wilkes, like Burke and Pitt, was a consistent defender of the colonial cause. While a Tory like Dr. Johnson was growling, "Sir, I can love all mankind except an American!," John Wilkes was an admirer of Patrick Henry and Sam Adams, and they knew it. The delegates who gathered at Philadelphia in 1787 and sat around chatting at the Indian Queen Inn were well acquainted with the Wilkes case in all its numerous implications.

Thus long before our Constitution was drafted the independence of popularly elected legislative bodies had been achieved in England and approved in her American colonies. It was because legislative immunity was so fully taken for granted that it was not even debated on the floor of the State House in Philadelphia. Because some arrogant monarchs in the mother country had tried to interfere with the rights of Parliament, the article was inserted in our Constitution protecting members of Congress.

MOST of the original reasons for the establishment of the doctrine of Parliamentary immunity are no longer valid, even in England, and they have never threatened our liberties in the United States. Indeed, the situation has in some senses been reversed. In the case of Edward VIII, the Prime Minister, backed by a Parliamentary majority, was able to prevent that monarch from marrying the woman of his choice. The danger that any President of the United States will attempt by violent means to intimidate members of Congress may be regarded as negligible. Many Chief Executives have, quite properly, exercised their constitutional right of veto; and a few, by methods regarded as legitimate, have endeavored to influence Congressional action, often through the judicious distribution of patronage and sometimes through the subtle flattery of social functions. President Taft, at a moment when he was hoping to secure the passage of a tariff bill, boasted to Archie Butt that "the White House is a big political asset when used wisely." President Coolidge's famous breakfasts at which he ate little and talked less had doubtless some obscure political motives. But seduction is not compulsion. In these instances no force was employed to bring reluctant Congressmen into line.

Some Presidents have frankly confessed that they would like to wring the Congressional neck, especially that of the Senate, which controls the treaty-making power. In 1905, when that body refused to approve a protocol which he had arranged with Santo Domingo, President Theodore Roosevelt declared that he did not "much admire the Senate, because it is such a helpless body when efficient work for good is to be done." Referring to its control over treaties, the President added: "The Senate is wholly incompetent to take such a part. Creatures like Morgan of Alabama . . . backed by the average

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—*From "The American Past."*

Congressional scene a century ago—" whenever mud is hurled . . . some of it invariably sticks."

Yahoo among the Democratic Senators, are wholly indifferent to the national honor or national welfare." But however much he may have desired to swing his Big Stick among the Senators, even "Teddy" had to confine himself to private complaints and denunciation.

Woodrow Wilson, in 1917, when the Armed Ship Bill was blocked by a Senate filibuster, issued a statement declaring that "a little group of wilful men, representing no opinion but their own, have rendered the great Government of the United States helpless and contemptible." But aside from this impotent protest the Chief Executive could do nothing about the obstinate Senators. Even the wily and redoubtable FDR was more than once thwarted by a resistant Congress. Never once has a President ventured to emulate Charles I by trying to interfere forcibly with the normal functioning of his legislative body. Apprehensive citizens have occasionally predicted that the necessities of war might in a crisis offer an excuse for the establishment of a dictatorship as the most effective means of national unification; but if this ever comes, it will be only with the consent of Congress. The fact that Congress possesses as a last resort the right of impeachment has served, and probably always will serve, as a salutary deterrent. Jefferson was speaking not only as a political critic but as a prophet when he wrote Madison in 1789, "The tyranny of the legislatures is the most formidable dread at present, and will be for long years."

THE Congressional privilege does not exempt members from prosecution for "treason, felony, or breach of peace." For a criminal offense a Senator or Representative may be tried and convicted, and within recent years at least two members of the lower house have served terms in prison. The principle was tested in the case of Representative John N. Williamson, of Oregon, who in 1905 was found guilty of subornation of perjury in proceedings for the purchase of public land. He protested sentence on the ground that he would thereby be deprived of his Constitutional right to go to, attend at, and return from the ensuing session of Congress. Having been sentenced to a fine and imprisonment for ten months, he carried the case to the Supreme Court, where Mr. Justice White held that the words "treason, felony, or breach of peace" should be construed in the sense those words were commonly used and understood in England as applied to Parliamentary privilege, and as excluding from that privilege all arrests and prosecutions for criminal offences. Thus it was definitely established that Congressional immunity applies only to civil cases.

Within this area, however, it is comprehensive, covering the entire sphere of legislative activity. It seems to have been generally assumed from the time of the adoption of the Federal Constitution that no member of Congress

(*Continued on page* 48)

Vanishing Point

By Carleton Drewry

THE years contract to months, reduce to days,
Divide to hours, constrict down to the minute,
Till we, the conundrum quarry in this chase,
At the closing-in of time are cornered in it.

We would retract the minutes, hours and months.
We would turn on time, the race resolved and reckoned,
The quarry caught: Then the whole thing happens at once,
And we are dissolved in the last divisible second.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Thomas Wolfe Did Not Kill Maxwell Perkins

EDWARD C. ASWELL

Thomas Wolfe—"a discoverer and interpreter of life."

WHEN Struthers Burt's article, "Catalyst for Genius," appeared in *The Saturday Review* of June 9, I was impressed by his sympathetic understanding of Maxwell Perkins and, equally, by his lack of understanding of Thomas Wolfe. Writing ostensibly about Perkins, Mr. Burt went out of his way to bring against Wolfe the most sensational accusation that has been brought against any literary figure since Oscar Wilde. Again, in the issue of August 11, he attempted to document the charge.

Mr. Burt said that in leaving Scribner's, Wolfe betrayed Perkins, and that this betrayal killed Perkins. This is a very serious accusation. Let us, then, try to find out whether there is any truth in it.

I knew both Max Perkins and Tom Wolfe well and was privileged to call each friend. From each I heard the story of the break between them and all the circumstances that led up to it. Thus I was in a position, as few were, to see both sides, and on the basis of this dual knowledge I can say with measured judgment that there was no betrayal in it. Deep feelings were aroused in both men, yes—but there was no betrayal. Max talked about it a great deal, going back over the events and fitting the pieces together to see how cause led to effect; and he always came up with the conclusion that what happened had been inevitable.

In the last nine years of Max's life I must have talked with him several hundred times. Each time we would spend two or three hours together, seldom in his office, but usually at lunch or in the evening after work. On these occasions Max would be relaxed, and as we got to know one another well a mutual affection and confidence grew between us.

Each time we met we would get around, sooner or later, to talking about Tom Wolfe, for our equal regard for him was the bond that had first brought us together. In thinking back over those many talks, I can say with absolute truthfulness that I never heard Max voice a single word which anyone could construe as indicating the slightest sense on his part that Tom had betrayed him. Mr. Burt says that "Max forgave Tom Wolfe." What nonsense, really. There was no forgiveness because there was no need of it. Max said again and again that Tom and he both did what they had to do, and thus came to the inevitable parting of the ways. Each man accepted it without any lasting rancor or bitterness, but with profound regret that it had to be.

The truth is that in the end the break between Max and Tom brought out the finest qualities in each. It had been a time of severe trial for both men, but each came through it with honor and with his affection and esteem for the other unimpaired. The best indication of the dominant feeling that governed both men in their parting, and afterwards, is to be found in two related facts. On April 17, 1937, *after the break had occurred,* Tom made a will in which he named Max as the executor of his estate. From then until Tom's death in September 1938 he had ample time to change his will, and he would surely have done so if he had ever questioned Max's feelings toward him. It is significant that he did not change it. As for Max, if he had felt that Tom had betrayed him, he could have declined the appointment. Instead, he served faithfully as Tom's executor until his own death in 1947.

MR. BURT mentions "You Can't Go Home Again" and says that in that book Tom "lampooned and caricatured Maxwell Perkins cruelly, stupidly, and with sly venom in the person of Foxhall Edwards." The portrait of Foxhall Edwards has been called one of the most penetrating character studies in American literature. However this may be, its qualities are certainly not those Mr. Burt lists. Reviewers praised it when the book was published, and over the

---

Edward C. Aswell is vice president of the McGraw-Hill Book Company and editor-in-chief of its trade-book department. Since the death of Maxwell Perkins he has also been administrator of the estate of Thomas Wolfe.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

years I have heard much favorable comment on it from all sorts of people who have been able to understand it as Tom meant it to be understood: as a lifelike re-creation of a great and noble man, a man with lovable and most human eccentricities revealed with humor but never venom, the whole thing done with admiration so sincere and unmistakable that it stands as a perfect tribute of a perceptive artist to his staunchest friend.

"I discussed this with Maxwell Perkins," Mr. Burt goes on, "and know how much it wounded him." When I first read this statement it seemed incredible to me, for I also discussed Foxhall Edwards with Max, not once but several times, and I remember distinctly what his reaction was. I edited that book for publication, and after the Foxhall Edwards part had been pieced together from the posthumous manuscript I took it to Max. I knew how much he loathed publicity of any kind, and Max told me he had realized that sooner or later Tom would get to work on him, and he said he had dreaded it. But after reading what Tom had written he felt relieved and said he thought he had come off pretty well. There were some little touches here and there which he felt Tom hadn't got quite right, and to check on them he gave the script to one of his daughters; she read it and Max reported that she thought Tom had him straight, so he guessed maybe Tom had. I asked him whether he wanted anything changed. He said no, and approved the publication of the portrait just as it was. But he added with characteristic modesty: "I'm not really as good as Tom makes me out."

IN spite of everything Max told me, however, I have just learned for the first time from one who was close to him that he did express to others some feeling of personal hurt over what Tom wrote. This surprised me, yet a moment's thought about the conflicting evidence was enough to make me realize that there was nothing really surprising in it. Max was a very complex person and, as his friends would be the first to admit, no one knew all sides of him. To me, Max expressed a literary judgment from which he excluded personal feelings, while to certain others he voiced these feelings. It is an indication of Max's greatness that he was able to be both man and editor and to let the editor govern the man. In the end his literary judgment prevailed over any personal feelings he may have had; and to say, as Mr. Burt does, that his hurt was so vital that it sent him to the grave is to ignore the granite elements in his otherwise sensitive nature. Max was no Camille to cherish his wounds, real or fancied, and languish from a sense of injured pride.

"In the same novel," Mr. Burt goes on, "he caricatured other members of the Scribner staff with equal cruelty and stupidity." Since Mr. Burt is not specific, I cannot reply specifically. But surely Mr. Burt knows that at that time Max, as executor of the Wolfe estate, was in a position to control everything that went into the book. His approval was required before it could be published, and he gave it. Some things were left out and minor changes were made in certain parts of the book at his request, but he passed the so-called Scribner material without any alteration or deletion: I recall, though, one thing he said about some of the characters who were based on people at Scribner's. "You know," Max said, "this is going to embarrass me." I asked him why. "Because," he replied, "Tom didn't know some of those people very well, and most of the things he put in about them he got from me." If Mr. Burt will examine the book he will discover that it is copyrighted in the name of Maxwell Perkins.

"Tom also caricatured and betrayed a most intimate personal relationship." Mr. Burt refers, of course, to the one great romance in Tom's life. True, he wrote about it. Was that betrayal? There are two answers on this point. First, Thomas Wolfe was a discoverer and interpreter of life. Everything he wrote stemmed in some way from his own observation and experience. Mr. Burt may not like that kind of writing, but if one's unique gifts lie in that direction, as Tom's did, is it reasonable to expect him to ignore the most tremendous emotional experience he ever had? Second, Mr. Burt forgets that the lady published two books about it several years before Tom did.

Sometimes the results of Mr. Burt's research are too original, as when he says: "Tom Wolfe had pneumonia in Portland when he wrote his famous letter to Maxwell Perkins. But he recovered. Ten weeks later he died of a brain infection." The city was Seattle, not Portland. And Tom never recovered from pneumonia. I was present at several conferences with the late Dr. Dandy of Johns Hopkins, who attended Tom in the final phase of his illness, and after Tom died I asked Dr. Dandy to give me an accurate statement of the cause of death. This he did in a letter which I published in the *New York Herald Tribune* at the time. It is too long to quote here, but the gist of it is that Tom died of complications resulting from pneumonia.

SUCH carelessness with facts can prove dangerous. For example, to climax his melodramatic accusations, Mr. Burt relates that Tom went to Asheville after his break with Max and "got on the long-distance telephone to New York and called up publisher after publisher, telling them his troubles and offering them his next novel." And then comes this loaded sentence: "The fact that all but one, knowing the circumstances, refused is sufficiently significant." It is a matter of record that Harper and Brothers, which has a long, distinguished, and very honorable history, became Tom's publisher after he left Scribner's. It is also fairly widely known that at that time I was a member of the Harper staff and the one who conducted all the negotiations which resulted in Tom's signing the Harper contract. Taken in its context, this passage conveys the clear implication, and was meant to convey the clear implication, that there was something unethical and dishonorable in Harper's action and mine which made us accessories to what Mr. Burt calls Tom's "betrayal" and to the harm he says it did Maxwell Perkins.

What happened between the time Thomas Wolfe left Scribner's and the time he signed the contract with Harper's forms an interesting chapter in publishing history. Max Perkins knew the whole story. Anyone acquainted with his character will understand that my close friendship with him, which began after I succeeded him as Thomas Wolfe's editor, could not have come about if there had been a shred of justification for Mr. Burt's insinuations.

Some time before Tom went back to Asheville for a visit in the summer of 1937, he had made up his mind that he had to leave Scribner's. He had come to this conclusion principally because he felt he had to prove to the world, and incidentally to himself, that he was the author of his own books and that he could function as a writer without Max Perkins as a crutch to lean on. There were several subordinate reasons, but they were not sufficient in themselves to bring him to this decision. Max and Tom had dis-

(*Continued on page 44*)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LITERARY SAMPLER

EXCERPTS AND JOTTINGS FROM NEW AND FORTHCOMING BOOKS

The Risks of Parents

AS FAR AS WE are concerned, the most important word in the vocabulary of Viki, the baby chimpanzee we adopted, is "No!" We first used this expression when she was six months old, and books were her favorite teething rings. As Viki grew larger and our patience wore thin, the variations of "No! No!" to be heard in our house were limited only by her genius for mischief and our invective vocabulary. There came to be "Don't do this!" and "Don't do that" for specific crimes, a low menacing "Vikiiii," a rapid-fire "Hey hey hey hey," and between clenched teeth, "Viki, I'm warning you!" More elaborate "No! No!" variations include: "Viki, get off those blinds before you pull them down and brain your papa!" "Must you bulb-snatch from every lamp in the house?" and "Don't flush the soap down the potty, dear."

Her typical response to all varieties of "No! No!" is to cease her sinning abruptly. Sometimes she throws herself prone and rocks. Again she will stamp her foot and sass us back. Most often she makes us feel silly by diverting her attention to something else, and listening in wide-eyed innocence to our rebukes, since she is obviously busy on another matter. Once the coast is clear, she returns to her favorite mischief (which is currently pounding on the windows with her feet, while she swings from the blinds).

When an object is delicate, but not forbidden, we calm her sudden bursts of animal spirits with "GENTLY!" or "CAREFUL!" She does not inhibit completely at these commands, but merely calms down.

If she is impatient to have a thing which we are making ready, we say, "WAIT!" and she waits patiently until we break the spell with "Here you are!" Here again, since "waiting" is basically inhibiting of activity, we consider it merely another shade of "No! No!"

The question often arises in the village drugstore as to whether Viki will "turn on" us as she grows older. Among our acquaintances are the Noells, who operate the traveling Gorilla Show. We have seen their ten-year-old daughter playing with an unmuzzled, unchained adult chimpanzee. When she tickled it, the ape rolled on the floor and chuckled like an overgrown Viki. I would also like to point out that both the last Gargantua and his "mate" Toto were raised by human foster parents without assault. On the other hand, the newspapers carry many an account of a berserk human who has murdered his gray-haired mother or father or both. It's a chance parents have to take.

—From "The Ape in Our House," by Cathy Hayes (to be published Oct. 17 by Harper).

With One Exception

IN SPITE OF all seeming parallels, there is one profound difference between the destruction of human groups and the destruction, by humanity, of fauna and flora: all the human beings involved belong to the same species. Thus, the very thing that means a triumph of adaptation for a people like the Maoris, for instance, also spells their eventual extinction; the most humane treatment of an invaded culture by its conquerors will probably only end in its being snuffed out, because it will be completely assimilated into the stronger community. In a sense, it is man's curse that he is so adaptable, for the very adaptability of some communities, which permits them to survive, also spells the frequent dissolution of their special culture. Intermarriage, that test of a true species—its ability to breed with other members of its own kind—accounts for the vanishing of both oppressed and enslaved peoples and triumphant minorities. So, even though Tasmanians, Amerindians, Eskimos, Incas vanish or are decimated, the species of man continues to survive, adjusting to the most difficult of situations in one way or another; adapting, in his apparent death throes, to the new existence and springing out of his abandoned husk as frisky as a May fly from its nymphal case.

It is this immense adaptability of humanity's that more than compensates for the blithe wasting of lives, for the plagues that assail mankind in such numbers, and for the relatively slow breeding rate and limited offspring of the species. . . . Man is essentially . . . an organism that can be used for many purposes, which can be fitted into many circumstances, and which is practically indestructible. Man has settled himself into every climate; he has survived all conceivable sorts of cataclysms; he has managed to eat everything that comes to hand, to protect himself by artificial means, to burrow, float, and fly, and to borrow for his own needs the special adaptations that permit other species to live under restricted, special circumstances.

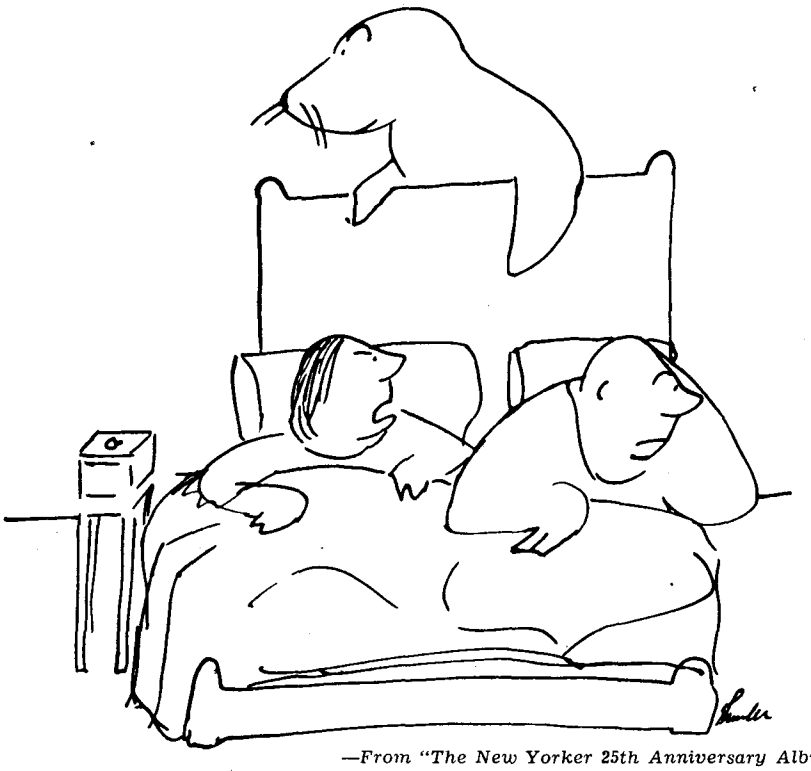
One of the major factors in man's adaptability is his power to imagine, to recreate events, to remember the past and apply it to the present, to visualize abstractions. So he is able to foresee dangers, invent machines, and rationalize his misbehavior. And as a result, he has developed a sense of individual responsibility, shared by no other animal in the world.

The wisest course for survival is that

—From "The New Yorker 25th Anniversary Album" (to be published Oct. 17 by Harper).

"Oh, she's been acting that way all day. Someone told her she looks like Katharine Hepburn."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



—*From "The New Yorker 25th Anniversary Album."*

"All right, have it your way—you heard a seal bark!"

dictated by the saving sense of responsibility, which has given rise to sober programs for the conservation of beasts and cultural adjustments between men. It is a program of planning, rather than a blind dash into conquest; of conservation, rather than waste for quick profits; of management and organization of the forces of nature, rather than the prodigal exploitation of resources without thought for the future. Man knows that he must survive; other animals only work at survival as best they can. This knowledge has widened humanity's horizon and increased man's deft adjustments to all possible threats to his existence—with one exception. That exception is himself.

In the course of learning how to protect himself, man has also learned how to destroy. He has, in the past, made good tries at depopulating the planet; he may yet succeed in wiping out at least his own species. If he is to survive in fact, if he is to qualify as the most adaptable of animals, then man must learn first of all to adapt to himself.

The rest comes easy.

—*From "Fall of the Sparrow," by Jay Williams (Oxford).*

To Hide the Tears

"Sometimes we spoke with bitterness, sometimes we spoke matter-of-factly, so much has suffering become commonplace and sorrow part of our heritage. Sometimes we even spoke with laughter. Laughter drowns out the sound of grief, and one must laugh at times to keep from crying. . . .

"You know, they tell me that down near the Delta there's a town that's got written over the city gates, 'Nigger, read and run, and if you can't read, run anyhow.' "

"That's like that sign in Memphis, 'No Negroes, peddlers or dogs allowed.' "

"I guess peddlers must be awfully mad, if they are white, when they see themselves classed with us and dogs."

"Yeah, maybe more for us than for the dogs! Ha!"

"I heard a guy at the bus station the other day talking about a place down in Alabama where a Negro can't go out on the streets after dark except in his own neighborhood."

"I reckon they think we'll bite. Watch out, Mr. Tucker, old boy. Here I come, and I'm hungry! Grrr."

And we laughed again. But inside, pain kindled the fires of spirits into resolutions to change things and bring freedom and justice to dark men who had long since lost all hope of either, who had slept with despair until nature forced a marriage. Then we felt most keenly the stigma of being black and destitute."

—*From "Color, Ebony," by Helen Caldwell Day (Sheed & Ward).*

Life Eternal

Resurrection after death is a theological idea which has persisted since the time of primitive man. Nearly all the old religions have woven doctrine and dogma about the principle and have offered legend or Scripture to support it. The ascension of Jesus, the monthly lunar rebirth of Ashtoreth or Selene, the carrying of the heroes to Valhalla, and the entrance of the Indian to the happy hunting ground are illustrations. Except possibly for the earthly reincarnation of the Hindus, all these ideas are on an abstract or entirely metaphysical plane. It remained for certain of the sponges to put into regular practice the creation of literal life out of death.

For this is the habit of some of the brackish and fresh-water sponges and it is their final provision for the onslaught of unfavorable conditions with which even their powers of regeneration cannot cope.

When the time comes that the struggle for life becomes too much to bear, just as a dying tree will quickly put forth blossoms to ensure the formation of seed, so these animals make provision for the future of their kind. Within the failing tissues are formed strange bodies called gemmules which are equipped with all the needs of life, with cells to nourish and to create. The bodies are encased in a tough membrane for protection against the time of need.

Then, when the parent dies, when the old flesh is falling apart and festering, the gemmules lie quiet in the disintegrating tissue until the process of dissolution sets them free. Out of the dead animal they roll to settle on the bottom of the Bay and then at the propitious time the gemmule opens and the newly born cells stream out to rearrange themselves in the cool green water and begin the complicated business of making a new sponge.

—*From "The Bay," by Gilbert Klingel (Dodd, Mead).*

When the Heart Believes

There is a considerable body of Americans who, for all the talk, for all *their* talk, do not believe in the inevitable war, do not believe in the inescapable disaster, do not believe that the destiny of the Republic is to resist history and to oppose it, do not believe that the appearance of Communism, or the rise of Russia, or the invention of atomic bombs, has changed the role this people has to play. There is a considerable body of Americans who believe that the great decisions of history are made not by death but by life, and that we have a stake in life, and a talent for life, and that it is there, in the shaping of a new world, that the talent can be

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

used and that stake protected and the decision made.

We are not, after all, a new and inexperienced people. We have governed ourselves for close to two centuries. We have seen something of human history on this planet and we have drawn our conclusions from what we have seen. We know what it is to want what the peoples of Asia want and the peoples of Africa and Europe. We know what can happen when the great currents of life break over the banks of the old restrictions and move out toward the future. We believe, on the basis of what we have seen in this world, that men, if they can, will move toward freedom: that the desire for freedom and fulfillment is the law of the life of things. We believe, therefore, that if this new great stirring of mankind is freed of its necessities the world will move toward us. And it is there, in that labor, not in an insane and ruinous war, that we believe the struggle will be truly joined.

The paradox, then, resolves itself in that juncture. For if you believe, in spite of the squeaking ghosts, that life will go on in this earth, you prepare for life: you educate for life. Whatever your tongue may say, your heart continues to believe, and your actions are truer than your words—as this action here is truer than our words who take part in it—this action by which this college and this woman commit themselves once more to a belief in the free and creative future of mankind.

—From an address at the inauguration of Margaret Clapp as president of Wellesley College in "Freedom Is the Right to Choose," by Archibald MacLeish (to be published by Beacon Press).

Matters of No Opinion

"DEAR SIR: Is it true that certain foods make some people feel amorous?

"Bachelor"

They say that about a number of edibles, but don't get your hopes up. I've been eating the items in question —potatoes, onions, celery, caviar, oysters, and other shellfish—for years, and I feel about as usual.

However, you might think about what Brillat-Savarin said about the truffle: "The truffle is not a positive aphrodisiac, but it may under certain circumstances render women more affectionate and men more amiable."

Truffles are globose, whatever that is—brown, black, sandy, and warty. The taste of truffles has been likened variously to that of strawberries, garlic, flannel, and unclassified.

Or you could try amassing a great deal of money. That works fine.

"DEAR SIR: To settle a bet please tell me whether Sir Francis Bacon wrote Shakespeare's plays. Answer yes or no.

"Bewildered"

About all I care to say at present is that Francis Bacon, Baron Verulam and Viscount St. Albans, wrote some fine essays, became Lord Chancellor of England, was convicted of bribery and corruption, while stuffing a fowl with snow. Some very charming and lovable people believe that he wrote Shakespeare's plays. You can't spot these people at sight. Only an expert can tell that there is anything—uh—unusual about them—that is, in their lucid intervals. This department does not answer bets, but maybe you can read between the lines.

"DEAR SIR: Is it *ee-ther* or *eye-ther*? I never know which to say and I feel that the time has come to face it.

"Louise"

I hesitate to speak freely on this matter, as I might say something I'd regret. Moreover, it is a problem that each of us must solve for himself. It must come from inside, if you follow me. But I can give you a hint, *Louise*. Look about you, listen to people talking, watch them at work and at play, and if you want to be like the ones who say *eye-ther* I wouldn't lay a straw in your way. Much the same line of reasoning applies to *to-may-to* and *to-mah-to*. I tried it once, and I felt something awful for weeks afterwards. It simply isn't in me.

AN EMINENT literary critic says that he never trusts people who can't punctuate. He says there must be something fundamentally wrong with the brains of such people. I resent that. I have always thought that punctuation must be taught in the eighth grade, which I was allowed to skip because I was so good in geography in the seventh grade. It wouldn't surprise me to learn that a certain critic has spent *two* years in the eighth grade. At least he's very free with his commas. He could always get a job in a newspaper proof room as a comma-putter-in. He is also very confident about his *shalls* and *wills*. I think they taught that in the eighth grade, too.

—From "How to Get from January to February," by Will Cuppy (Holt).

A New Generation

ADOLESCENCE [among the immigrants] was a time of acute crisis, and particularly for the girls. As infants they had played with their brothers, but already at seven or eight they were excluded from the society of the gang and thereafter had little to do with boys. In girlhood they stayed close to their mothers since the home was their place. But even they could not be shut off from the world outside. They went to school or to work, observed the American familiarity of association between men and women, and soon enough revolted against the old restrictions. They learned to dress like others, with petticoats dragging behind to shut out the air and their waists laced up in corsets so tightly the blood could not flow; and they lost their health—or so it seemed to their elders.

The worry was that they could not be guided by the safe rules of the Old World. They knew too much, boys as well as girls. Coming down Ann Street, they could not help but notice the "jilt shops" open for the dubious satisfaction of the sailors. Sometimes they could earn pennies distributing the cards of the brothels that flourished in their neighborhoods; and it was often years before they got to understand that a hotel could be other than a house of assignation. Why, even at home, through the thin walls, through the open windows, across the narrow courts, came the revealing sights and sounds. It was all familiar enough by the time they were of an age to conduct their own exploratory operations . . .

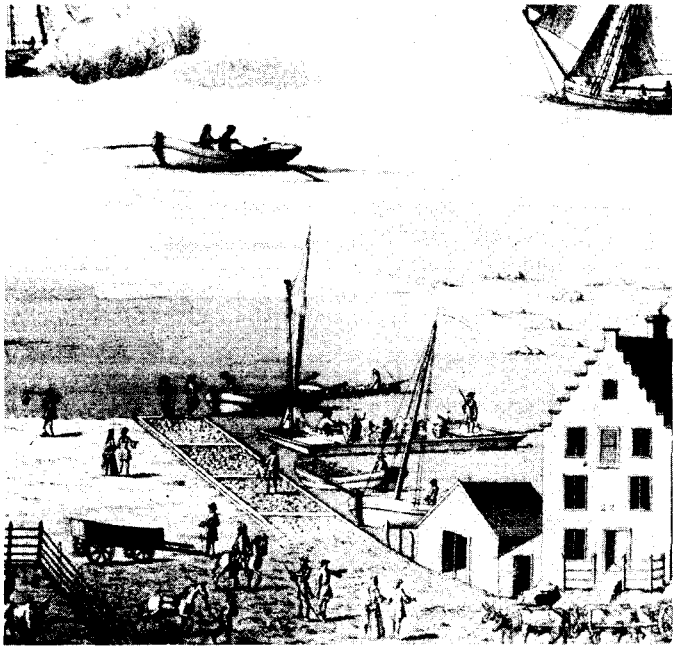
Here was the ultimate barrier between the generations: they could never understand each other's conception of marriage. Sure, the parents tried to explain the nature of this most crucial step, that this was a means of extending on in time the community of the family, that it involved the sacrifice of personality toward some larger end: From a maiden you will become a married woman, from a free being a slave of your husband and fortune. For them, marriage was an act of liberation by which they cut off the family ties and expressed themselves as persons through the power to love.

Nor could the children make their parents understand the longing for individuality. To enter upon such a relationship without consultation with one's elders, to make such decisions on the basis of chance impressions, to undertake this partnership with a stranger of unknown antecedents was a madness of the reason. To many a saddened father and mother it seemed that their sons and daughters had moved gross passion to the center of marriage and had thereby obscured the true end of the family, perpetuation of the succession of generations.

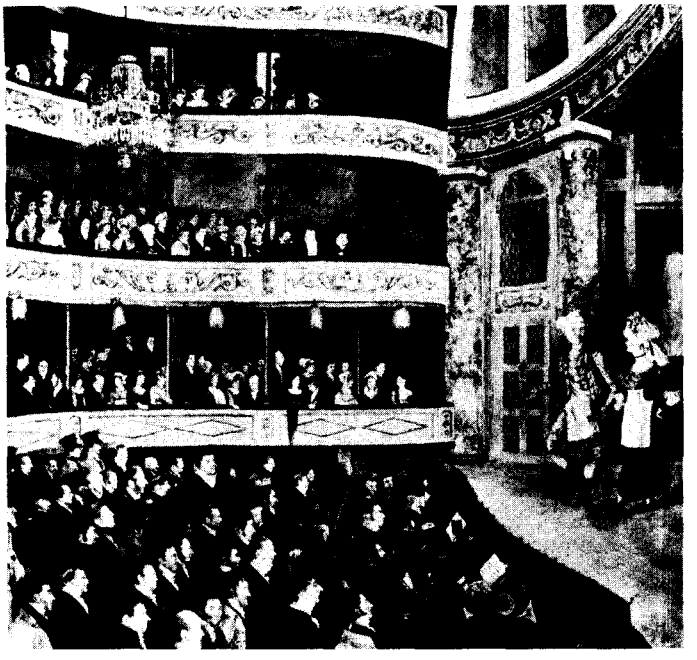
—From "The Uprooted," by Oscar Handlin (Little Brown).

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IN THE DAYS OF OUR YOUTH



Long Island Ferry with cattle for New York's market (1716).



"Park Theatre, New York," by John Searle (1822).

—Pictures from "Life in America" (to be published Oct. 15 by Houghton Mifflin).

"Voyageurs," a painting by Charles Deas.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Current Books Worth Reading

The Nation's Critics Vote

NEARLY FOUR MONTHS ago in this space we observed that the attractive titles publishers were promising for the summer should help end the doldrums in which the book world had been foundering for more than a year [*SRL* June 23]. The reports received from booksellers and publishers since then indicate that the desperate hope has become a reality: the past season, in terms of sales, has been the best summer the book business has enjoyed since the war.

If the same omens can be trusted, the coming fall and winter season is destined to be every bit as bright. A sampling of the fine things to come from the presses between now and Christmas is offered in the lists of recommended books *SRL* has just gathered from twenty-seven critics representing newspapers and press services in every section of the country. The talk in the trade is that it's going to be an exceptionally good season for fiction. The critics queried by *SRL* recommended forty-two fiction titles, of which the most frequently named are:

"Melville Goodwin, USA," by John P. Marquand (Little, Brown) — twenty votes.

"Requiem for a Nun," by William Faulkner (Random)—fourteen votes.

"Lie Down in Darkness," by William Styron (Bobbs-Merrill)—fourteen votes.

"The Holy Sinner," by Thomas Mann (Knopf)—thirteen votes.

"Moses," by Sholem Asch (Putnam) —twelve votes.

Although fiction is making a comeback, the number of excellent books of other types maintains the high mark of the past several seasons. The critics recommended sixty-two "general" works, naming the following most frequently:

"The Forrestal Diaries," edited by Walter Millis (Viking)—nine votes.

"The Autobiography of William Carlos Williams" (Random)—eight votes.

"George Washington," Volumes III and IV, by Douglas Southall Freeman (Scribner)—eight votes.

"The Face of the Earth," by H. M. Tomlinson (Bobbs-Merrill)—seven votes.

"The Memoirs of Herbert Hoover: Years of Experience" (Macmillan)—six votes.

This is the third autumn *SRL* has asked the critics to name five works of fiction and five general books worthy of the attention of discriminating readers. Their complete lists are printed below.

—RAYMOND WALTERS, JR.

W. G. ROGERS
Associated Press

General

"George Washington," Vols. III & IV, by Douglas S. Freeman (Scribner).
"American Diplomacy 1900-1950 and the Challenge of Soviet Power," by George F. Kennan (Chicago).
"Call It Experience," by Erskine Caldwell (Duell, Sloan & Pearce).
"Voyage to Windward," by J. C. Furnas (Sloane).
"Fifty Billion Dollars," by Jesse H. Jones with Edward Angly (Macmillan).

Fiction

"The Holy Sinner," by Thomas Mann (Knopf).
"Lie Down in Darkness," by William Styron (Bobbs-Merrill).
"Barabbas," by Par Lagerkvist (Random).
"The Brigand," by Giuseppe Berto (New Directions).
"The Picture Window," by Josephine Lawrence (Morrow).

J. F. ROTHERMEL
Birmingham News

General

"The Rise and Fall of Hermann Goering," by Willi Frischauer (Houghton Mifflin).
"Seven Leagues to Paradise," by Richard Tregaskis (Doubleday).
"The Life We Prize," by Elton Trueblood (Harper).
"John C. Calhoun: Sectionalist," by Charles M. Wiltse (Bobbs-Merrill).
"The Near East and the Great Powers," edited by Richard N. Frye (Harvard).

Fiction

"Melville Goodwin, USA," by John P. Marquand (Little, Brown).
"Lie Down in Darkness," by William Styron (Bobbs-Merrill).
"The Holy Sinner," by Thomas Mann (Knopf).
"Requiem for a Nun," by William Faulkner (Random).
"Moses," by Sholem Asch (Putnam).

ALICE DIXON BOND
Boston Herald Traveler

General

"Life in America," by Marshall B. Davidson (Houghton Mifflin).
"The Forrestal Diaries," edited by Walter Millis (Viking).
"The Conduct of Life," by Lewis Mumford (Harcourt, Brace).
"The Memoirs of Herbert Hoover," (Macmillan).
"Across World Frontiers," Thomas W. Lamont (Harcourt Brace).

Fiction

"Moses," by Sholem Asch (Putnam).
"Melville Goodwin, USA," by John P. Marquand (Little, Brown).
"Time and the Wind," by Erico Verissimo (Macmillan).
"Lie Down in Darkness," by William Styron (Bobbs-Merrill).
"The President's Lady," by Irving Stone (Doubleday).

VAN ALLEN BRADLEY
Chicago Daily News

General

"Chicago: City on the Make," by Nelson Algren (Doubleday).
"Gods, Graves and Scholars," by C. Ceram (Knopf).
"The Forrestal Dairies," edited by Walter Millis (Viking).
"Life in America," by Marshall B. Davidson (Houghton Mifflin).
"The Presidency," by Stefan Lorant (Macmillan).

Fiction

"Requiem for a Nun," by William Faulkner (Random).
"The Holy Sinner," by Thomas Mann (Knopf).
"Moses," by Sholem Asch (Putnam).
"We Fished All Night," by Willard Motley (Appleton).
"Melville Goodwin, USA," by John P. Marquand (Little, Brown).

EMMETT DEDMON
Chicago Sun-Times

General

"Chicago: City on the Make," by Nelson Algren (Doubleday).
"The Autobiography of William Carlos Williams" (Random).
"George Washington," Vols. III & IV, by Douglas S. Freeman (Scribner).
"The Magnificent Century," by Thomas B. Costain (Doubleday).

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I Am a Protestant," by Ray Freeman Jenney (Bobbs-Merrill).

Fiction

"Requiem for a Nun," by William Faulkner (Random).
"The President's Lady," by Irving Stone (Doubleday).
"Melville Goodwin, USA," by John P. Marquand (Little, Brown).
"The Man from the Tunnel," by Theodora Benson (Appleton).
"We Fished All Night," by Willard Motley (Appleton).

FREDERIC BABCOCK
Chicago Tribune

General

"The Forrestal Diaries," edited by Walter Millis (Viking).
"North with the Spring," by Edwin Way Teale (Dodd, Mead).
"The Letters of Theodore Roosevelt: The Square Deal," edited by Elting E. Morison (Harvard).
"Closing the Ring," by Winston S. Churchill (Houghton Mifflin).
"The Autobiography of William Carlos Williams" (Random).

Fiction

"Moses," by Sholem Asch (Putnam).
"Melville Goodwin, USA," by John P. Marquand (Little, Brown).
"The Conformist," by Alberto Moravia (Farrar, Straus & Young).
"Spark of Life," by Erich Maria Remarque (to be published January 21 by Appleton).
"The President's Lady," by Irving Stone (Doubleday).

OLIVE DEANE HORMEL
Christian Science Monitor

General

"Venture to the Interior," by Laurens van der Post (Morrow).
"Bradford to Plymouth," by Bradford Smith (Lippincott).
"The Voice of Asia," by James Michener (Random).
"The Face of the Earth," by H. M. Tomlinson (Bobbs-Merrill).
"The Forrestal Diaries," edited by Walter Millis (Viking).

Fiction

"Melville Goodwin, USA," by John P. Marquand (Little, Brown).
"A Breeze of Morning," by Charles Morgan (Macmillan).
"The Falcon in Flight," by Ann Bridge (Macmillan).
"Moses," by Sholem Asch (Putnam).
"The President's Lady," by Irving Stone (Doubleday).

FREDERICK YEISER
Cincinnati Enquirer

General

"The Autobiography of William Carlos Williams" (Random).
"William Faulkner: A Critical Appraisal," by Harry Modean Campbell and Ruel E. Foster (Oklahoma).
"The Pavilion," by Stark Young (Scribner).
"Golden Ass of Apuleius," translated by Robert Graves (Farrar, Straus & Young).
"The Lost Library," by Walter Mehring (Bobbs-Merrill).

Fiction

"The Holy Sinner," by Thomas Mann (Knopf).
"The Good Soldier," by Ford Madox Ford (Knopf).
"Sartoris," by William Faulkner (reissued by Harcourt, Brace).
"Party Going," by Henry Green (Viking).
"Lie Down in Darkness," by William Styron (Bobbs-Merrill).

FRANK O'NEILL
Cleveland News

General

"The Lobbyists," by Karl Schriftgiesser (Little, Brown).
"American Diplomacy 1900-1950 and the Challenge of Soviet Power," by George F. Kennan (Chicago).
"The Autobiography of William Carlos Williams" (Random).
"Birth of a World," by Waldo Frank (Houghton Mifflin).
"Those Devils in Baggy Pants," by Ross S. Carter (Appleton).

Fiction

"The Holy Sinner," by Thomas Mann (Knopf).
"Lie Down in Darkness," by William Styron (Bobbs-Merrill).
"Melville Goodwin, USA," by John P. Marquand (Little, Brown).
"Time and the Wind," by Erico Verissimo (Macmillan).
"Requiem for a Nun," by William Faulkner (Random).

ROBERT T. SNAJDR
Cleveland Plain Dealer

General

"The Presidency," by Stefan Lorant (Macmillan).
"Life in America," by Marshall B. Davidson (Houghton Mifflin).
"George Washington," Vols. III & IV, by Douglas S. Freeman (Scribner).
"The Forrestal Diaries," edited by Walter Millis (Viking).
"The Lobbyists," by Karl Schriftgiesser (Little, Brown).

Fiction

"Moses," by Sholem Asch (Putnam.)
"The Holy Sinner," by Thomas Mann (Knopf).
"Lie Down in Darkness," by William Styron (Bobbs-Merrill).
"Mister Johnson," by Joyce Cary (Harper).
"The President's Lady," by Irving Stone (Doubleday).

ERNEST CADY
Columbus [Ohio] *Dispatch*

General

"Dizzy," by Hesketh Pearson (Harper).
"Life in America," by Marshall Davidson (Houghton Mifflin).
"Voyage to Windward," by J. C. Furnas (Sloane).
"God and Man at Yale," by William F. Buckley, Jr. (Regnery).
"The Memoirs of Herbert Hoover" (Macmillan).

Fiction

"Lie Down in Darkness," by William Styron (Bobbs-Merrill).
"Mr. Smith," by Louis Bromfield (Harper).
"The Cruel Sea," by Nicholas Monsarrat (Knopf).
"Melville Goodwin, USA," by John P. Marquand (Little, Brown).
"The Utmost Island," by Henry Myers (Crown).

LON TINKLE
Dallas Morning News

General

"The Conduct of Life," by Lewis Mumford (Harcourt, Brace).
"George Washington," Vols. III & IV, by Douglas S. Freeman (Scribner).
"The Forrestal Diaries," edited by Walter Millis (Viking).
"The Pavilion," by Stark Young (Scribner).

Fiction

"Lie Down in Darkness," by William Styron (Bobbs-Merrill).
"Requiem for a Nun," by William Faulkner (Random).
"Melville Goodwin, USA," by John P. Marquand (Little, Brown).

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Time and the Wind," by Erico Verissimo (Macmillan).
"The Holy Sinner," by Thomas Mann (Knopf).

CLYDE BECK
Detroit News

General

"Mr. Lincoln's Contemporaries," by Roy Meredith (Scribner).
"The Face of the Earth," by H. M. Tomlinson (Bobbs-Merrill).
"The Conduct of Life," by Lewis Mumford (Harcourt, Brace).
"John C. Calhoun: Sectionalist," by Charles M. Wiltse (Bobbs-Merrill).
"The Jeffersonians," by Leonard D. White (Macmillan).

Fiction

"Melville Goodwin, USA," by John P. Marquand (Little, Brown).
"House of Liars," by Elsa Morante (Harcourt, Brace).
"Bride of the Sabbath," by Samuel Ornitz (Rinehart).
"Many Are Called," by Edward Newhouse (Sloane).
"Moses," by Sholem Asch (Putnam).

PAUL JORDAN-SMITH
Los Angeles Times

General

"Melville Log," by Jay Leyda (Harcourt, Brace).
"Me and Mr. Mountjoy," by E. E. Fearon (Crown).
"The Magnificent Century," by Thomas B. Costain (Doubleday).
"George Washington," Vols. III & IV, by Douglas S. Freeman (Scribner).
"The Face of the Earth," by H. M. Tomlinson (Bobbs-Merrill).

Fiction

"Melville Goodwin, USA," by John P. Marquand (Little, Brown).
"Mr. Beluncle," by V. S. Pritchett (Harcourt).
"A Breeze of Morning," by Charles Morgan (Macmillan).
"The Wind Leaves No Shadow," by Ruth Laughlin (Caxton).
"The Lost Years," by Oscar Lewis (Knopf).

AUGUST DERLETH
Madison [Wisc.] *Capital Times*

General

"This Fascinating Animal World" by Alan Devoe (McGraw-Hill).
"The Face of the Earth," by H. M. Tomlinson (Bobbs-Merrill).
"The Pavilion," by Stark Young (Scribner).
"North with the Spring," by Edwin Way Teale (Dodd, Mead).
"The Autobiography of William Carlos Williams" (Random).

Fiction

"The Masters," by C. P. Snow (Macmillan).
"The Conformist," by Alberto Moravia (Farrar, Straus & Young).
"Of Former Love," by Emma Laird (Houghton Mifflin).

(*Continued on page 41*)

The New York Times. *On September 18, 1851, the eighth newspaper calling itself* The New York Times *published its first issue, bearing front-page reports on the Boston Jubilee and a two-pound-three-ounce tomato just harvested on Long Island. In the century since, the* Times *has outlived all but two of its contemporaries, surviving four wars and as many depressions and owners. It is not the oldest newspaper in America by far, nor does it have the largest circulation, but under the proprietorship of Adolph Ochs it became easily the most influential; and, thanks to the recent turns of history, under its present publisher, A. H. Sulzberger, it today is probably the most influential in the world. The* Times *is marking its centenary with three books: a life of its founder,* [SRL *Aug. 25*], *an official but lively history, and an engrossing album of newsworthy pages, the latter two reviewed below.* SRL's *own feelings about the* Times *are set forth in an editorial on page 26.*

Biography of a Newspaper

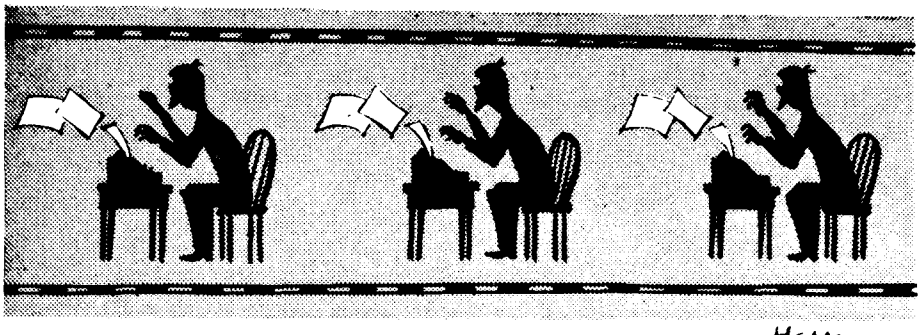
THE STORY OF THE NEW YORK TIMES—1851-1951. *By Meyer Berger. New York: Simon & Schuster. 589 pp. $5.*

By JONATHAN DANIELS

THIS is a splendid book. It is good history. But better than that, I think, it amounts to the finest reporting on a difficult assignment. And it must have been a difficult assignment. Meyer Berger is, as his boss says in a foreword, a part of *The New York Times* himself. This book could not have been written without a feeling that not only the boss but all the other boys were looking over his shoulder as the copy came out of the typewriter. It had to be written, too, with understanding that other newspapermen would recognize it as *Times* promotion and maybe a little dignified *Times* boasting. The remarkable thing is that this biography of a newspaper emerges as a job which will be as satisfying to other newspapermen as to *Times* stockholders and *Times* staff members.

That may seem to be practically a reportorial miracle. Maybe on *The Times*, as Mr. Berger suggests throughout, there is no problem about pleasing the business office and the news room at the same time. Certainly this story suggests—and not merely in terms of Ochs and Sulzberger but also of old, long-gone Publisher Jones—that the successful paper is the one where that is true. Fortunately, however, Mr. Berger has not made his story a pompous and didactic morality tale about perfect publishers. There is, of course, a fairly steady emphasis on that *Times* superiority which can be more irritating to men of other papers sometimes because it can be documented. But Mr. Berger has dared to speak even of the "sheer vanity" of Publisher Adolph when he cultivated the idea that he looked like George Washington.

Oddly enough, perhaps the portrait of Ochs, as the central divinity in the *Times*'s story, did not emerge for me with the force or vividness Mr. Berger has given to many other and lesser figures. Undoubtedly it was Ochs's idea, his faith, and his insistence which made the *Times the great paper of* dependable news which it is. But the man's idea in this story seems much bigger than the man who was quickly



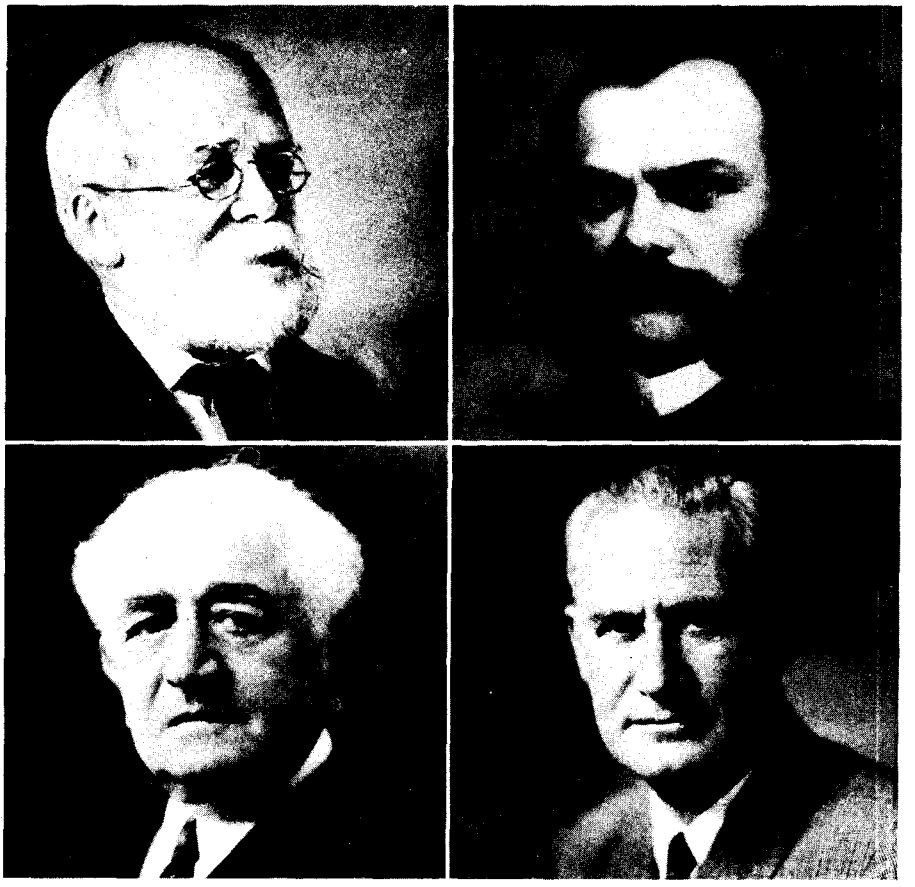
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ready to stand up and fight the Theatrical Shuberts but who was practically driven into melancholia by the disapproval of an editorial by the Union League Club. Henry Raymond and his great publisher and backer George Jones, who made a very different crusading *Times*, are drawn in more dramatic clarity. Also, though he seems to be almost deliberately minimized in both the text and his own foreword, I got a feeling that the present publisher, Arthur Hays Sulzberger, is too much hidden, in *The Times* today and the story of *The Times* in the last two decades, by the legend of his father-in-law. Under him in inheritance, *The Times* may have become, as he says, an institution and not a paternalistic enterprise. Both the quality of this book and the quality of the present *Times*, however, suggest that "the instituition" does not look only to a legend for leadership.

Certainly Berger's story is much more important than an item in the celebration of the *Times*'s centennial. In many ways, indeed, it is a factual and fascinating story of the journalism and the news of America in the century behind us. In terms of the best coverage of the biggest news stories of our past, this book provides a clear and lively description of hard-working, imaginative, ingenious, and advancing news coverage. No other book that I know tells so well the story of the collection of news from the hack to the helicopter. Workers on smaller papers may sometimes feel overwhelmed by the resources the *Times* has been—and is—able to bring to the covering of the news. Yet in this book about *Times*'s scoops of news and saturation of news, the greatness of *Times*'s reporting is perhaps emphasized best by Edwin L. James's amusing story of a time when even *Times*'s plans and its resources were overwhelmed by the mob which met Lindbergh at Le Bourget. In the Atomic Age (which apparently owes almost as much to the *Times* as to Einstein) it is somehow reassuring to know that there is a possibility still of human forces in the news which might baffle even Turner Catledge in The *Times* tower. Competition, however, better not count on it.

The best I can say about this book is that as a reporting job about the century of America's greatest *news* paper, it is worthy of all the hundred years.

Jonathan Daniels was administrative assistant to President Roosevelt (1943-45). He is now editor of the Raleigh [N. C.] News and Observer.



—*The New York Times Studios.*

George Jones, Henry J. Raymond, Adolph S. Ochs, Arthur Hays Sulzberger—"America's greatest *news* paper."

Highlighting the Centenary

ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF FAMOUS PAGES FROM THE NEW YORK TIMES, *1851-1951. Introduction by Henry Steele Commager. New York: Simon & Schuster. 100 pp.* $1.

By John T. Winterich

HERE is the way history has hit the breakfast-table since the first issue of *The New York Times* appeared on September 18, 1851. Most of the "famous pages" facsimiled are, inevitably, pages one—the Dred Scott decision, the Harper's Ferry raid, Fort Sumter (which the *Times* called "Sumpter" throughout the story), Gettysburg, and so on down to the recall of MacArthur.

It is an admirable selection, well reproduced—the heads are easily legible, and the smallest reading-glass will pick up the text. This detail is here noted because, while a lot of people will merely look through the book, a lot more will want to read it. They should.

Of the hundred pages shown, eleven are *not* pages one. The big news on these eleven is worth detailing:

"The Origin of Species" (a book review—hooray!).

The annexation of Alaska.

The unification of Italy.

The first "long distance" telephone conversation (Boston to Cambridgeport—given word for word in two variant pickups).

The first commercial use of the electric light (including the *Times* building).

The X-ray (Röntgen is spelled "Routgen" throughout).

The discovery of radium (a Sunday feature).

The opening of the Panama Canal (would have been page one if the First World War had not just broken).

Einstein's relativity theory proved.

The discovery of insulin.

Babe Ruth hits his 60th home run in his big year.

Page one news is impact news. Sometimes, though not always, the impact lasts only a few days. The most important story in this morning's *Times* may be buried below the fold on page eight. Mr. Commager's successor of 2051 will tell his great-grandchildren, and yours, all about it.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE
Editor
NORMAN COUSINS
Chairman, Editorial Board
HENRY SEIDEL CANBY
Chairman, Board of Directors
E. DEGOLYER
Associate Editors
AMY LOVEMAN JOHN MASON BROWN
HARRISON SMITH
Contributing Editors
BENNETT CERF JOHN T. WINTERICH
MARY GOULD DAVIS IRVING KOLODIN
JAMES THRALL SOBY

Published by The Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Amy Loveman, Secretary.

Contents Copyrighted, 1951, by The Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

SRL Award to The New York Times

ON THURSDAY, September 18, 1951, the first issue of *The New York Times* devoted almost two-thirds of its front page to world news. In Austria, the Government faced a Cabinet crisis over proposed constitutional revision. In Italy, widespread public outbreaks were feared, with Verona the center of tension and possible bloodshed. In Hungary, revolution was in the making. In Spain, countless thousands of peasants watched their crops wither away after four rainless months. In Turkey, there was apprehension over the dismissal of Cabinet member Mahomet Ali Pasha, brother-in-law of the Sultan, generally regarded as a leading anti-Russian. In Portugal, revelations of widespread Government corruption resulted in the resignation of Senhor Farrao from the Cabinet. In Europe as a whole, normalcy meant tension, uncertainty, political upheaval.

On September 18, 1951, most of the columns on the front page of *The New York Times* were devoted to world news. This time, however, the world outside America meant much more than Europe alone. The tension, uncertainty, and political upheavals were confined to no single continent. Everything was stepped-up, accelerated, more interlocked, more explosive. For the big news of the century was that geographical barriers everywhere had been dissolved. The world's people became common residents though not necessarily neighbors of a single community.

Meanwhile, American newspapers had been undergoing an interesting if paradoxical transition. For many newspaper readers, the world of news became secondary in space and interest to the world of special daily features—serials, comic strips, sports, puzzles, personal advice, and opinion columns. Even on the strict news front, a local crime, a local accident, a local scandal or sex-angle incident often received far more prominence than the large daily segments of history-in-the-making that basically affected the long-range patterns of life. Newspaper editors were aware of this, but ruefully pointed to polls and circulation figures to demonstrate that most of their readers bought papers primarily for things that had nothing to do with news. This left a vacuum for those readers who took their news seriously—a vacuum which newsweeklies lost no time in attempting to fill.

The New York Times, of course, is not the only newspaper to regard the reporting of news as its principal function, but it would be difficult to find anywhere in the world a better example of continued devotion to that purpose. Indeed, this persistent and insistent effort to maintain a daily record of events has taken on the aspect of public service to the world community. Wherever you may be—Tokyo, Hong Kong, Singapore, Istanbul, Dublin, Seattle, or Buenos Aires—you are certain to find a newsstand which carries *The New York Times.* The feeling you get in reading the *Times* at a distance is not so much one of nostalgia for the home town as it is one of intense pleasure in having a world newspaper in your hands. No newspaper can ever be truly "complete"—history doesn't always erupt in the form of visible chunks—but it's nice to know that you are never too far from at least that portion of the news that is recognizable and recordable. It's reassuring, too, to know that the raw materials out of which much of the news is carved can frequently be found in their natural state. Documents, texts of speeches, transcripts of testimony (the foreign policy hearings following the dismissal of General MacArthur being a conspicuous example), court transcripts—all these may often be tedious reading, but they are indispensable for research purposes and generally invaluable for making up one's mind about people or events. The prodigious expense involved in making raw materials available is but one manifestation of the public-service tradition of the *Times.*

The Saturday Review has a special award. It is given not with any special regularity but on those occasions when the editors feel that they would like to express their esteem in a much more tangible way than can be conveyed by a letter of appreciation or congratulations. We don't claim any special significance for the award, but it makes us feel good now and then to give it. Accordingly, on the occasion of the centennial anniversary of *The New York Times,* the editors sent the following telegram to its Mr. Arthur Hays Sulzberger, President and Publisher:

> *The New York Times* has been selected by the editors to receive The Saturday Review Award for Distinguished Service to American Literature. Your consistently high standards of news coverage, treatment, and presentation, your manifest concern for the highest possible accuracy and fairness, and your deep sense of public service have had a deep and affirmative influence on American journalism and on the entire field of newspaper publishing and writing.
>
> Your special Sunday features—News of the Week in Review, *The New York Times* Magazine, and *The New York Times* Book Review have made important contributions in their own fields. We take special pleasure in commending you for your daily and Sunday book treatment.
>
> The world of reading and writing is better because of *The New York Times.*

The award, a plaque containing a medallion designed by Robert Cronbach for *The Saturday Review,* will be presented to *The New York Times* at a luncheon ceremony this week.

—THE EDITORS.

Phoenix Afire

By Robert Liddell Lowe

THE earth, now in estrangement from the sun,
Begins cold voyage through remoter space:
The year sets fire to all the green it spun
And sinks in empty grace.

The mortal leaf is caught in splendid glow,
Conclusion less like dying than display.
Enkindled of itself, resigned to go,
The year now burns away.

O fiery glory! O fabulous demise!
Immortal nature, willful and serene,
Consumes itself in proper flame to rise
New-born in feathery green.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"Democracy's True Religion"

SIR: Congratulations on the publication of "Democracy's True Religion," by H. M. Kallen [*SRL* July 28]. An excellent discussion of one of the most important questions in America today. Articles of this caliber make the *SRL* a truly significant magazine.

SIDNEY L. FREEMAN.

Ithaca, N. Y.

SIR: The feature article "Democracy's True Religion" is one of the best you have published. The central theme, the conflict between scientific and non-scientific ways of thinking, is the chief intellectual issue of our millennium, and deserves more space than you have given it.

Nevertheless, there are certain defects in this article. Two of them are illustrated in the title itself. A religion cannot be true. The only way of discovering truth is the scientific method, and the results of the use of this method are science. That is why scientists can agree on accepted scientific theory while philosophers and theologians cannot agree on any accepted philosophy or religion. For this reason, the use of the term religion in the title is also unfortunate. It suggests that belief in democracy is an undemonstrable dogma acquired in childhood instead of a demonstrable scientific theory based on the use of scientific observation and experimentation. Of course, the theory of democracy has not yet achieved this status, but this is the goal towards which Professor Kallen himself apparently believes we should strive.

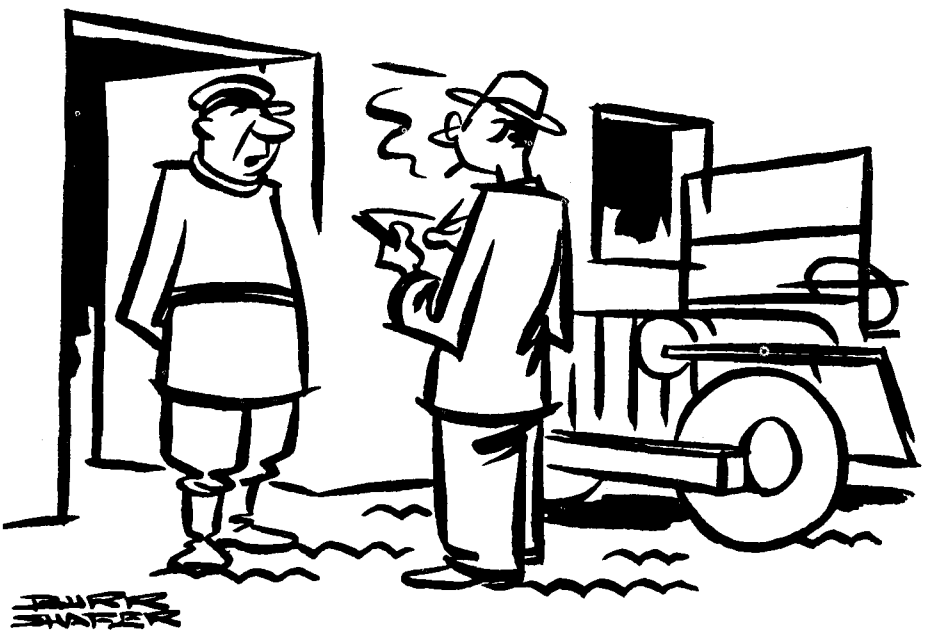
I also question the claim that "there is a widespread . . . disposition to consider science as in some sense *holy* and to attribute to it that assurance of *salvation* greater than any other which defines the *supernatural*" (my italics). Words like holy and salvation are not used by scientists in describing science. These terms are considered meaningful (without justification) only by religious persons and such persons do not apply them to science. Some scientists have of course been unreasonably dogmatic about certain scientific theories, but the sentence quoted above seems to claim much more than this.

I regret that Professor Kallen did not state or apply the tremendously significant new criterion of meaning, the principle that a statement is meaningless if no method of verifying it can be imagined, developed by logical positivism. He uses several meaningless terms like "god" throughout his essay. After quoting with approval Santayana's shrewd remark that, "As to the word 'god' all mutual understanding is impossible," Professor Kallen continued to use the term "god" as if some mutual understanding of it is possible. He ought to have noted that both theist and atheist are literally believers in nonsense because there is no way of proving or disproving the proposition "God exists."

In sum, it is much better to distinguish between religion and philosophy on the one hand and science on the other than to try to distinguish between dogmatic religion and the undogmatic religion of democracy and science. All definitions are of course arbitrary, but Professor Kallen's definition of religion obscures the vital distinction between dogmatism and objective scientific investigation by calling both religion. Moreover, this broad definition of religion is contrary to current usage, as any dictionary will show.

BURNHAM P. BECKWITH.

Pasadena, Calif.



THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"I have nothing against the American people. I just resent the so-called Marshall plan and the insults of your President McKinley."

SIR: While I have seen several such articles as H. M. Kallen's "Democracy's True Religion," I cannot recall ever having read in *The Saturday Review* an article dealing with the orthodox Christian view of man and society. Now, even to an unbiased eye this might seem an imbalance which would give the lie to any pretense of an objective, open-minded approach to the life of today. Surely the magazine which went into the lists against the award of a poetry prize to Ezra Pound because it knew that there was a vital principle at stake is not afraid of controversy. And surely the magazine which keeps its fingers on the pulse of the gamut of modern thought has not consigned Christianity to the limbo of forgotten religions. If *SRL* has failed to note the revolutionary stirrings in the religion of Christ today, then it has certainly forfeited its claim of keeping posted. Too many men have fought, died for, agonized over, prayed for, yes, and *thought* about Christianity for it to be cavalierly tossed out by superficial dissenters.

It was with much satisfaction that I read in *SRL* [Sept. 1] a reprint of the interim draft of the UNESCO Statement on Race. More of the same are needed, but in the final analysis any anthropological, sociological, or psychological treatment of the brotherhood of man falls far short of the Christian view. It is significant that science to which the U.N. seems to be appealing for its philosophical, moral, and ethical statements today undertakes to prove to us that men are to be regarded as our brothers because chemically there is little difference between us, because there is little or no difference in innate intelligence, and because from the "morphological point of view, it is impossible to regard one particular race as superior or inferior to another." Am I to regard strange men as my brothers simply because science can produce evidence that I am not superior or inferior to them? Can I not manufacture evidence which is convincing at least to myself that there is an impassible difference? The Nazis did. Millions of people do it every day, even in this enlightened age. As a Christian, my responsibility is to have charity in my heart for all men *whether or not science says we are alike.*

In conclusion, I point out that although many people in the past and present pay lip service to Christianity and are still guilty of exploitation, intolerance, and greed, this in no way refutes the great truths given men by revelation of the living God.

ROBERT CENTER.

Evanston, Ill.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *What Mr. Center terms the "orthodox Christian view of man and society" can be found in such an article as Liston Pope's "Man Is the Measure" [SRL Feb. 10].*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Personal History.

With World War II rapidly receding into history, Americans are growing more disposed to reappraise the lives and personalities of their former enemies. The British soldiers who fought under Montgomery in North Africa eagerly read Brigadier Desmond Young's biography of their wily adversary, "Rommel: The Desert Fox" [SRL *Feb. 24*] *and the book received a cordial welcome in this country as well. Now Willi Frischauer, a Viennese journalist whose own relatives were Nazi victims, almost bends over backward to present a fair portrait of the No. 2 Nazi in "The Rise and Fall of Hermann Goering" (page 29). A great civilian soldier in the American cause, James Forrestal, recorded his battles in notes dictated to secretaries during moments of leisure. Walter Millis has dextrously assembled them in "The Forrestal Diaries" (see below), a book that should help historians in their future labors and fascinate every reader curious about the times in which he lives.*

—*Harris & Ewing.*

James Forrestal—"in mental grapple."

In the Service of His Country

THE FORRESTAL DIARIES. Edited by Walter Millis with the collaboration of E. S. Duffield. New York: The Viking Press. 581 *pp.* $5.

By Harold B. Hinton

After James Forrestal fell to his death from a window on the sixteenth floor of the Naval Medical Center at Bethesda, Maryland, at three o'clock on Sunday morning, May 22, 1949, President Truman said he had lost his life in the service of his country as truly as any soldier who has ever died on the field of battle.

The kind of fighting the President had in mind is the subject of this well-presented book. The conflicts which marked the last five years of his life (the so-called diaries run from July 4, 1944 to March 2, 1949) were no less real and painful because they were mental and intellectual rather than hand-to-hand.

He was constantly in mental grapple with men who differed with him on the only subject in which he was really interested—the safety of the United States. His intellectual struggles were against himself, desperately seeking the right answers to all-important problems, pathetically doubting his own capacity and that of the human race to solve them.

Readers seeking sensational revelations in these papers will be disappointed. There is no indication of the deepening fatigue which dragged him down toward the end, nor is there any clue to the final burst of despondency which forced him to leap from the open window. In a letter written on August 5, 1947, to a friend who had congratulated him on his selection as the nation's first Secretary of Defense, Forrestal wrote that he would probably need the combined attention of "the entire psychiatric profession by the end of another year," but the observation was plainly a jest and not a foreboding.

Nor are there any piquant revelations on the personalities with whom he dealt. His comments are almost unfailingly impersonal and objective, dealing with situations rather than men. There are unmistakable intimations that he took a dim view of Harold L. Ickes and Henry A. Wallace, fellow Cabinet members. He distrusted the judgment of Henry Morgenthau in the matter of reducing Germany permanently to a pastoral country, as evidenced by frequent references to hopes we would not seek "to morgenthau" Japan. He used the last name of the former Secretary of the Treasury several times in lower case as an ordinary verb.

Early in 1945, when the Interior Department was seeking to administer the former Japanese mandated islands then under the Navy, Forrestal proposed at a Cabinet meeting that Mr. Ickes "be made King of Polynesia, Micronesia, and the Pacific Ocean Area." To an entry dated March 7, 1946, he added the following afterthought:

"As I write this it occurs to me that I have never heard the head of the Department of Commerce [Mr. Wallace, at the time] put forward any views that indicate a desire to help business. I shall look today at the charter and precept of that Department."

Such minor acrimonies are rare in the book. In the main, the papers incorporated in it deal with Forrestal's unceasing search for what he called "politico-military-geographic pragmatism" in this country's position in the troubled world. Viewpoints opposed to his are noted without criticism, and the reader is constantly impressed with his ability (or affliction) to see all sides of any given question.

The publishers have seen fit to label as "diaries" a series of sporadic, unconnected memoranda Forrestal dictated on occasion to a number of different secretaries. Apparently, he selected the one who happened to be on duty at the moment he found time to compose his thoughts enough to write himself an aide-memoire for some unspecified future use.

The job of putting these disjointed, though interesting, observations into readable form was a difficult one, and Walter Millis has done it well. By consulting other records, by reading other memoirs, and by thorough research into the public problems of the period, he has been able to supply interpolatory text to piece the fragments into a highly readable whole.

The original material was drawn from the half-dozen filing cases of personal papers Forrestal confided to the custody of the White House when he resigned as Secretary of Defense. After his death, President Truman turned them over to his executors, headed by his former business partner and long-time mentor, Clarence Dillon.

The executors asked Eugene S. Duf-

Harold B. Hinton, a member of the Washington staff of The New York Times, *served as assistant to Secretary of Defense Forrestal in 1948-49.*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

field, assistant publisher of the *Cincinnati Enquirer* who had worked closely with Forrestal in the Navy Department during World War II, to arrange for their publication. He went through them and made the preliminary selection of material.

Mr. Millis was asked to undertake the final editorial job of cutting the material to book size, and of writing the necessary explanatory portions of text. When this task was completed, the whole thing was submitted to the Department of Defense for security review, following the wishes of the executors.

Clayton Fritchey, director of the Office of Public Information there, was assigned to read the manuscript. He has told me that less than one per cent of the submitted material was deleted for security reasons, and that most of the censored passages (some of which dealt with continuing foreign negotiations still in progress) were of little general interest.

While Forrestal thoroughly understood the home political factors which swayed the leaders of the free world with whom he dealt, including President Roosevelt and President Truman, the book records his unfailing hope that such considerations can, practically speaking, be relegated to minor standing when the safety of the whole country is at stake. As he saw our leaders, civil and military alike, they were permitting events to shape their policies instead of thinking out policies which would influence events.

He found General Marshall naive in pressing for universal military training, the benefits of which would be felt only after a number of years, at a time when conscription was urgently needed for immediate build-up of the armed forces so depleted as a result of the postwar demobilization.

He viewed with alarm the Administration's haste to recognize and approve the partition of Palestine, involving, he thought, the risk of international fighting in which the United States would bear the brunt. He vainly warned President Truman that the Army had only 30,000 men to undertake, possibly, the task of keeping order in Palestine which the British had just renounced after employing 90,000 men to no avail.

The situation this Administration, and its successors for years to come, will have to confront, he summed up as follows in notes he made for a speech he never got around to delivering at Princeton University:

"Our problem—to achieve accommodation between the power we now possess, our reluctance to use it positively, the realistic necessity for such use, and our national ideals."

Hitler's Faithful Paladin

THE RISE AND FALL OF HERMANN GOERING. By Willi Frischauer. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 309 pp. $3.50.

By Henry B. Kranz

HERMANN WILHELM GOERING, successor designate No. 1 to Adolf Hitler, Reichsmarschall, Reich Minister for Air, Commander-in-Chief of the Air Force, member of the Secret Cabinet Council, Prime Minister of Prussia, President of the Reichstag, SS-Obergruppenführer, SA-Obergruppenführer, etc., etc.—was not only Hitler's most faithful paladin, although the Führer had him arrested shortly before he died—he was the most aggressive of his supporters.

He was also, and this is now almost forgotten, the creator of the Gestapo and of the concentration camps. (At the Nuremberg trials he swore that he "never ordered a murder." But we know of a speech in which he shouted "Every bullet fired from the barrel of a police pistol is *my* bullet. If you call that murder, *I* am the murderer.") He was a born killer and a born liar, a man whose egotism was surpassed only by his vanity. He was a drug addict and a master plunderer, morally and politically a coward, who was even afraid to face death together with his comrades; so he escaped by committing suicide and was found "with a sardonic smile around his lips."

Willi Frischauer, a former Austrian journalist of renown, who lives in London, has tried for the first time in a book-length biography to sketch for us the fantastic life of this most contemptible of all Nazi potentates. He did solid research for his book, examining all available documents and interviewing many former Nazis. The result is a vivid, rather personal, narrative of a dictator's life full of varied activities, the story of Goering as fighter pilot, as revolutionary, as politician, as administrator, as sybarite, and finally as defendant in Nuremberg.

Hermann Goering—"a born killer."

Mr. Frischauer says it would have been extremely difficult to write this biography without the assistance of Goering's widow, Frau Emmy Sonnemann-Goering, to whom he is "indebted for invaluable information." He calls her a "dignified woman who had made a name for herself in the provinces as an actress in straight plays." He is very flattering. Frau Sonnemann was never more than a third-rate actress and appeared, when she met Goering, in Weimar, at one of Germany's smallest theatres. And it is doubtful whether future historians will want to credit the word of Goering's devoted widow and his faithful valet, Robert Kropp, who also gave Mr. Frischauer some information, rather than the authors of several hundred books which have recorded almost all of Goering's actions.

Mr. Frischauer is not unaware of his failure to write with balance and fairness at all times. He says: "If occasionally it may seem that I have fallen under the spell of Hermann Goering's posthumous charm, this is in spite of the fact that my parents perished in a Nazi concentration camp."

Goering, as his portrait emerges from Mr. Frischauer's book, was an aggressive and corrupt egotist, but he was also "a smooth and perfect gentleman" before his failure as commander of the Luftwaffe destroyed his prestige. He was "efficient, courageous, charming, captivating." Once, at a press conference, attended by the author, he was even "humble and sweetly reasonable." He was also a "laughing, clowning, jovial, happy-go-lucky fellow," and whenever he put Hitler and his friends behind him, "there was no more charming man under the sun."

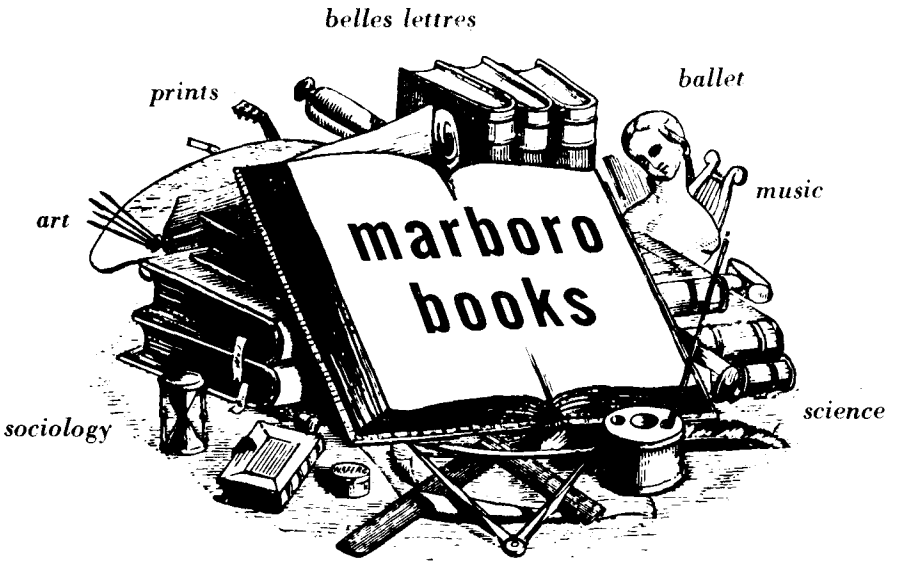
The earliest childhood recollection of this son of a minor German diplomat, it is reported, was bashing his mother in the face with both fists,

---

Henry B. Kranz, former Austrian author and critic, is now connected with the Department of State as a specialist working on German and Austrian publications.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SAVINGS UP TO 80%



☛ Brand-new original editions you'll be proud to own ☛ many prices slashed far lower than you ever thought possible ☛ satisfaction guaranteed on every purchase from Marboro Books.

ORDER WITH THIS COUPON

marboro books Dept. Y10, 117 E. 24th Street, New York 10, N. Y.

Please send me, postage prepaid, the book bargains circled below.

☐ Send C. O. D.

39 69 81 91 136 177 251 285 330 340 365 370 405 450 451
456 463 470 471 472 473 475 477 482 491 498 501 503 509 511
512 518 519 521 523 524 525 531 532 533 534 535 537 538 539
540 541 542 543 544 545 546 547 548 549 550 551 552 553 554
555 556 557 558 559 560 561 562 563 564 565 566 567 568

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone____ State_____

New York residents add 3% city sales tax. A few cents extra for C.O.D. Add 25¢ per title for deliveries outside U. S. A. and possessions.

GUARANTEE: If not satisfied, return books after 10 day examination and money will be cheerfully refunded.

69—Toulouse-Lautrec

Drawings and Water Colors. Printed with the utmost care and fidelity by one of the finest publishing houses in Europe. Each of the 36 unbacked, 9¼" x 13¼" plates (many of them hand-colored) is reproduced on a separate paper stock similar in color and texture to that on which the original was created. These unparalleled color reproductions are almost indistinguishable from the originals themselves. Boxed. Limited numbered edition. *Pub. at $25.00.*

Very special only **9.88**

566—Greek Sculpture

Famous Aldine Series, printed in Paris. 85 pages of superb photographs showing all types of Greek sculpture. Most of the 96 remarkably authentic plates each measure the full page 4½" x 7" size. Paper bound volume. English text by Jean Charbonneaux.

For the first time at only **.97**

555—Van Gogh Paintings

Famous Aldine Series, printed in Paris. 20 superb, unbacked, full-color reproductions of Van Gogh's most celebrated works (4 measure the 7" x 9" double-page size—all others the 4½" x 7" page size). Paper-bound volume. French text.

For the first time at only **.97**

524—Early American Auto Prints

Charming Americana reminiscent of the "horseless carriage" at the turn of the century. This set of 8 colorful 6½" x 8½" plates includes the 1896 Ford, 1899 Packard, 1903 Oldsmobile, 1877 Selden, etc. *Pub. at $3.50.* *Now only* **1.98**

559—Degas

Famous Aldine Series, printed in Paris. 24 superb, unbacked reproductions of ballet sketches and other drawings by Degas—most of them in full-color. Remarkably authentic plates each measuring the full-page 4½" x 7" size. Paper bound volume. French text. *For the first time at only* **.97**

553—Russian Impact on Art

By Mikhail Alpatov. A fresh interpretation of the development of Russian painting, sculpture, literature, music, etc., and its relation to the rest of the world. Ed. by Martin L. Wolf. Illus. with 32 full-page plates. 352 pages. *Pub. at $7.00.*

Now only **1.98**

561—Dufy

Famous Aldine Series, printed in Paris. 24 superb, full-color, unbacked reproductions of Raoul Dufy's brilliant water-colors. 3 of these remarkably authentic plates measure the double-page, 7" x 9", size—others are all the 4½" x 7" page size. Paper bound volume. English text by Claude Roger-Marx.

For the first time at only **.97**

538—A Shropshire Lad

By A. E. Housman. Romantic poems of youth, love, travel and adventure in a beautifully-bound, hard-cover, library edition illustrated by Jeanne Edwards. *Special* **.59**

534—Masterpiece Postcards

Imported from England. A set of 25 superb full-color reproductions of great works of art by Rembrandt, Raphael, Da Vinci, and other masters. Each printed on a 3½" x 5½" postcard—a treasure-house of fine art in miniature. *Pub. at $2.50.* *Only* **.97**

482—Ten Ring Circus Books

For ages 3 to 8. Two-foot-wide giant circus tent holds 10 animal-shaped circus books in color with 150 pictures of sawdust life under the Big Top. Hard covers are plastic coated and washable.

10 fascinating stories only **.88**

552—Desire: A Play By Pablo Picasso

The first and only literary work of Picasso—a rambunctious, spicy farce full of wild humor and unique characters. *Pub. at $2.75*

Now only **.97**

539—Black Boy

By Richard Wright. With an introductory note by Dorothy Canfield Fisher. Moving and memorable story of how a Negro boy grew up in the South. Beautifully bound, hard-cover edition illustrated by Ashley Bryan. *Special* **.59**

475—Ballet Sketches of Degas

Four stunning reproductions whose extraordinary quality seldom, if ever, has been equaled. Each plate measures a full 17" x 13" . . . each printed on a different tinted, textured stock—one admirably suited to the particular subject.

All four Degas prints now only **1.49**

472—Dictionary of Unusual Words

By Edwin Radford. An alphabetically arranged collection of unusual expressions and words with the story of how they came about. Everything from *"above board" to "zounds". Pub. at $3.75.*

Now only **1.98**

WHEN IN NEW YORK VISIT THE MARBORO BOOK

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

365—The Plays of Chekhov

Nine great plays by the master of the modern theatre. *The Sea Gull, The Cherry Orchard, Three Sisters, Uncle Vanya,* and others. Woodcuts by Howard Simon. 328 pages. *Now only* **.59**

471—Encyclopedia of Religion

"Embraces ten of thousands of articles on all the significant religions of the world . . . a truly great achievement"—N. Y. Times. Ed. by Vergilius Ferm with 190 collaborators. 844 pages. *Pub. at $10.00.* *Now only* **5.88**

251—Oscar Wilde

A biography by Andre Gide, French Nobel Prize winner. Translated from the French by Bernard Frechtman. Gide's personal memories of Wilde before his imprisonment make fascinating reading. *Pub. at $2.75* *Now only* **.97**

405—Early American Locomotive Prints

Eight hand-tinted prints of old locomotives (Mogul, eight-wheeled "American," Hudson double-ender and others). Reproduced on fine quality, heavy stock, these 8½" x 5½" prints are in great demand for home decoration. *Pub. at $4.00.*

All 8 hand-tinted prints in full color only **1.98**

177—Scottish Clans and Their Tartans

By Sir Thomas Innes of Learney. 36th edition. *96 full-page Tartans in full color.* Clan map of Scotland, histories of the Clans, list of names entitled to wear Tartans. Bound in Tartan Cloth. 275 pages, 3¼" x 4¾". *Only* **1.44**

473—Dictionary of Word Makers

Pen Pictures of the People Behind Our Language. Short stories about the people whose names have passed into our language—*Downing of Downing Street, Eros of erotic, Sax of saxophone, etc.* With illustrations by John Nicolson. *Pub. at $5.00. Now only* **1.98**

541—Lost Plays of Eugene O'Neill

These O'Neill "earlier plays" (four one-act and one three-act) have never before appeared in print. *Abortion. The Sniper, The Movie Man, Servitude, A Wife for a Life.* Introd. by Lawrence Gellert. *Pub. at $3.00.* *Now only* **1.49**

370—Dictionary of Word Origins

By Joseph T. Shipley. Stories of the words we use—how they grew across centuries and countries. Thousands of word histories, old and new. *Pub. at $5.00.* *Only* **1.98**

491—Katherine Mansfield Stories

A collection of her best stories as selected by her husband, J. Middleton Murry. Beautifully bound hard-cover volume containing 12 famous tales. Illus. by Leon Jacobson. *Now only* **.59**

544—Four Gould Bird Prints

(16" x 20"). An incredibly low price for these extra-large, full-color reproductions of HUMMINGBIRD PAINTINGS by the great John Gould. Each print authentically captures the vivid, true-to-life colors of the artist's priceless original. Magnificent for framing. *Pub. at $12.00.*

Four 16" x 20" prints, *only* **1.98**

470—Existentialism

By Jean Paul Sartre. Here is the heart of Sartre's philosophy—that man is personally responsible for what he does—that there are no values external to man—that man may therefore choose different values. *Pub. at $2.75.* *Now only* **1.39**

451—Currier & Ives Prints

Now you can decorate your home with these charming views of 19th century America—*at remarkably low cost.* Eight of the most popular Currier & Ives prints, including *Clipper Ships, Central Park Winter, Railroad Trains, Fruits and Flowers, etc.*—each authentically reproduced in full-color on an individual 9" x 12" sheet. *Pub. at $3.00.*

Very special—all eight for only **.97**

450—Posters of Toulouse-Lautrec

A Set of Four Full-Color Prints Ready for Framing. Printed by Andre Sauret in Monte Carlo, these large 9¾" x 12¾" reproductions match the original posters in richness of color and accuracy of detail.

Four Parisian posters only **1.98**

549—The New Dictionary of Psychology

By Philip Lawrence Harriman, Ph.D. Covers all basic terms and concepts in psychology, psychoanalysis, psychiatry, etc. *Not a reprint of obsolete material but newly prepared definitions and explanations.* Thousands of entries. *Pub. at $5.00. Now only* **3.88**

463—Strange Loves

A Study in Sexual Abnormalities. By La Forest Potter, M.D. The strange, exotic world of twilight men and women. **2.39**

330—The Woodcuts of Aristide Maillol

Ed. by John Rewald. 176 reproductions of exquisite woodcuts. The arts of love and bodily pleasure recorded with fifty sensuality—a purity of line unequaled in modern art. *Orig. pub. at a limited edition at $18.00.* *Only* **5.88**

91—Roget's Thesaurus

The New Authorized Revised Edition. An indispensable book that instantly provides *the right word at the right time.* Sturdily-bound, handsome *library edition.* 705 pages. *Only* **.97**

477—Fin de Siecle

Ed. by Neville Wallis. *With a note on the period by Holbrook Jackson.* Works by the greatest writers of the Yellow Book era—*Wilde, Beerbohm, Swinburne, etc.* More than 25 illustrations by *Beardsley, Toulouse-Lautrec, Whistler, Rothenstein, etc.*

Now only **.97**

551—The Rise of Words and Their Meanings

By Samuel Reiss. This stimulating approach to the study of words uses a new "phoneto-semantic" viewpoint rather than the usual historical method. *Pub. at $3.75.* *Now only* **1.98**

547—The Dictionary of Philosophy

Dagobert D. Runes, Editor. Both the teacher and the layman will find this handy, all-embracing volume invaluable in his philosophical studies. *"By far the most authoritative book of its kind"*—Prof. Karl Jaspers. *Pub. at $6.00.* *Now only* **4.88**

503—The Picture of Dorian Gray

By Oscar Wilde. Beautifully bound, hard-cover edition illustrated by Leo Manso. Wilde's razor-edged wit and exotic fancy at its fabulous best. Introd. by Frances Winwar. *Now only* **.59**

518—Drawing with Pen and Ink

By Arthur L. Guptill. Contains nearly 500 illustrations and 431 pages of expert, detailed instruction on every phase of pen-and-ink drawing in commercial art, architecture, illustration, advertising, portrait-drawing, etc. 9" x 12". *Pub. at $10.00.* *Now only* **4.98**

540—Caldwell Caravan

One volume (436 pages) containing both of Caldwell's great novels—*Tobacco Road* and *God's Little Acre*—plus 20 of his best short stories. Handsomely printed, hard-bound edition *Now only* **.97**

548—Science Since 1500

By H. T. Pledge—librarian, Science Museum of London. Together with theories and discoveries, the great scientists themselves are presented in their innermost struggles, their search, their qualms and their final triumph. *Illustrated. Pub. at $5.00.* *Now only* **2.95**

456—Four French Moderns: Matisse, Picasso, Bonnard and Braque

A single volume containing 140 superb reproductions (96 of them in faithful full-color) of their most famous canvases. *Printed by world-renowned Braun & Cie., Paris.* Originally pub. in 4 volumes at $24.00. *Now only* **5.88**

81—French Flower Prints: Bouquets

A 9" x 12" Portfolio of Flower Prints by Jean Louis Prevost. Beautify your home with these full-color reproductions of 6 of the most beautiful flower prints ever created. *Pub. at $3.00.* *Only* **.59**

519—Color in Sketching and Rendering

By Arthur L. Guptill. Hundreds of illustrations in brilliant full color and halftone. Expert instructions on every conceivable application of color in art, architecture, advertising and illustration. 9" x 12", expensively printed and bound. *Pub. at $12.50.* *Now only* **4.98**

136—Art of the Americas

A priceless treasurehouse of great art! 50 full-color plates, 40 facsimile full-page reproductions of old prints and more than 150 other works of art compiled by the Editors of Art News. Rivera, Benton, Wood, Marsh and others. *Pub. at $5.00.* *Now only* **1.98**

498—Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam

Rendered into English by Edward Fitzgerald. All the best-loved verses of the immortal Omar in a beautifully bound hard-cover edition. With decorative border design and illustrations by Joseph Low on every page. *Now only* **.59**

39—Great Paintings in America

101 world-revered masterpieces now in American galleries, reproduced in full color with amazing faithfulness to the originals. *Glowing full-page* (10" x 13"), *plates* of great works by Rembrandt, El Greco, Rouault, and 76 other masters. Text by Kimball and Venturi. 217 pages. *Pub. at $20.00.* *Reduced to only* **5.88**

529—Six Water Colors of Winslow Homer

A portfolio published by *the Metropolitan Museum of Art.* Crisp sea, sky, sun and storm come to life in these superb large-size reproductions of Homer's most famed water colors. Each painting printed in full color on heavy weight antique linen sheets measuring 15" x 18½". Descriptive note by Louise Burroughs. *Very special* **3.88**

52%—The Good Earth

By Pearl S. Buck. Beautifully bound, hard-cover edition of the modern classic that won the Pulitzer Prize. Illus. by Howard Wilshire. Introd. by Carl Van Doren. *Now only* **.59**

546—The Perennial Scope of Philosophy

By Karl Jaspers. A series of six lectures outlining his own philosophy and redefining the position of philosophy today in relation to science and theology. *Pub. at $3.00.* *Now only* **1.98**

501—A Tale of Two Cities

By Charles Dickens. A great classic with all the suspense of a modern adventure story. Beautifully bound, hard-cover edition illustrated by Leopold Gedo. *Now only* **.59**

340—Drawings of Goya

Famous Alpina Edition, imported from France. A large 9½" x 13½" portfolio of more than 40 of Goya's most noted drawings. Printed in lush gravure on antique paper. *Pub. at $2.50.* *Now only* **.97**

525—Ship Silhouettes

A set of 8 striking black-and-white sailing silhouettes that recall 19th-century maritime history. *Clipper Ship, Packet Ship, Brigantine, Schooners,* etc.—each measuring a full 6½" x 8½". *All 8 Prints only* **.97**

545—Scientific Autobiography and other papers

By Max Planck. Fascinating story of a great physicist's personal and scientific development. Deals with *physics and causality, natural science and the religious world, meaning and limit of exact science,* etc. *Pub. at $3.75.* *Now only* **1.98**

533—25 Years of American Dance

Ed. by Doris Hering. 228 pages. Kurt Sachs, Michael Fokine, Lincoln Kirstein, Martha Graham, Anton Dolin, and a host of others contribute to this sprightly account of the American DANCE from 1925 to 1950. *Many hundreds of illustrations.* *Special* **1.98**

537—Nana

By Emile Zola. The famous classic that shocked France and the world. Illus. by Alexander Dobkin. Handsomely bound edition. 468 pages. *Now only* **.59**

285—The Record Book

The Best Available Guide to Fine Recorded Music. David Hall evaluates the domestic and foreign recorded music of 780 composers. An indispensable book for anyone interested in good music. 1394 pages. *Pub. at $7.50.* *Only* **1.98**

509—Sea Poems

Chosen by Myfanwy Piper. A selection of considerable originality exploring much unfamiliar ground. Works by *Marlowe, Milton, Blake, Matthew, Byron,* etc. With 16 lithographs in color by Mona Moore. Imp. from England. *Now only* **.97**

531—Hindu Philosophy

By Theos Bernard. Who were India's foremost thinkers? What systems did they establish? Dr. Bernard answers these questions to the satisfaction of layman and student alike. *With a glossary of Sanskrit philosophical terms. Pub. at $3.75.* *Only* **1.98**

532—Forgotten Religions

Ed. by Vergilius Ferm. *Illustrated.* 18 eminent authorities describe the religions of Sumeria; Ancient Egypt; Syria and Babylonia; Prehistoric Greece and the later Greek mysteries; the Australian Aborigines; Shamanism; the Eskimos; the Navajos, etc. *Pub. at $7.50.* *Special at* **4.88**

511—Vuillard

Printed in Switzerland. A portfolio of 10 magnificent full-color reproductions of Vuillard's impressionist masterpieces. Each vivid plate individually tipped on a 11" x 15" sheet ready for framing. French text. *Pub. at $5.00.* *Now only* **1.98**

535—Audubon Bird Prints

A set of 14 magnificent full-color prints reproduced directly from the *Birds of America* folio engravings. Each 8½" x 11" print superbly captures the true-to-nature colors of the originals. *All 14 prints only* **.59**

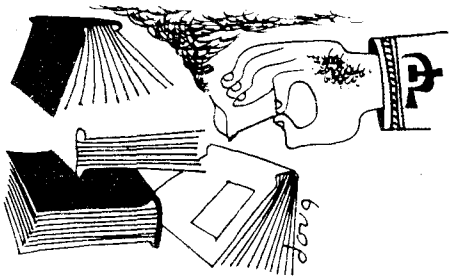
STORES • 8 E. 59th STREET • 144 W. 57th STREET

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

when she came to embrace him after a prolonged absence. Recognizing all his unusual qualities, Hermann's mother declared: "He will be either a great man or a great criminal." If he was both, then in this book we hear more of the great man than of the great criminal.

Mr. Frischauer is not a psychologist who likes to probe into the mind of a psychopath, nor is he much interested in giving us a broad picture of Goering's times. He is more a faithful recorder of events and a successful reporter than a biographer in the modern manner. He discovered, among other things, that Goering, in 1937, secretly visited England to attend the coronation of King George VI. But he had to leave the country when the Foreign Office intimated that he was not persona grata. And Mr. Frischauer knows how to tell a dramatic story full of suspense. His style is crisp and stimulating. But one might look for a more definite point of view in a modern biography about a man already portrayed by many writers from a variety of angles.

A truly illuminating picture of Goering's personality fails to rise out of these pages. Mr. Frischauer himself says: "From all these conflicting emotions emerges a Goering, whom it is extremely difficult to analyze, a man whose words and actions were contradictory and confusing, reflecting the contradictions and confusions in his mind." But the enigma of the man, of whom the Nuremberg trial judges



said: "His guilt is unique in its enormity!" can be explained quite simply, in the opinion of this reviewer: it lay in his ability to act.

Dr. G. M. Gilbert, who was prison psychologist at Nuremberg, Konrad Heiden, Hans B. Gisevius, Professor H. R. Trevor-Roper, Ulrich von Hassell, Karl Anders, William E. Dodd, to name only a few of the men who gave us their impressions of Goering, had ample opportunity to observe the lust for power, the cold-blooded arrogance, the narcissistic, psychopathic aggressiveness, and the perverted humor of this greedy and boastful killer, who at times appeared to be a good-natured glamor boy. Goering was a realist and always knew what he wanted. Gisevius writes that he "thought and felt only in terms of violence." If Sumner Welles and Neville Henderson, among several others, found Goering rather charming, it only proves what an excellent actor "the fat Hermann" was. He always liked to act—even as a child—and to imitate others. He always wanted to be in the limelight. The smile on his lips on his deathbed was his final performance.

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

THE LAUREATES WELL-MIXED

Fannie Gross, of Asheville, North Carolina, presents anagrammed names of the seventeen official poets of England, each accompanied by the title of one of his famous works. Allowing 6 points for unscrambling a poet laureate and a title, a score of 48 is par, 60 is very good, and 72 or better is excellent. Answers on page 42.

1.	Daniel Stafur	I Win Fight Over Ills
2.	Gibber DeStorr	Who Got Floe Her TV
3.	Berccli Boyle	Fists Have Tolls
4.	Melvain Tandilaw	Midg's Oyster Satin
5.	Ronny D. Hedj	Eda's Flaxen Stare
6.	Nelsun Cee Durea	Bert LeRue of Ithaca
7.	Jos. Bonnen	Minivur Ham? Sure Honey
8.	Hamelen Fosdij	Free Aves
9.	Sarjym Hepeney	Gosh Not I
10.	Charlie Woson	Fen In Theater Pit
11.	Lem Walsh Dotash	Lesson V Rule L
12.	Roy Rhett Buseo	Let Abel Fine Them Both
13.	Hamet Anut	Ca! An Ape
14.	Floyden N. Stearn	His Brat Scrogen
15.	Howsat Morant	Mertin Tree
16.	Mathew Lew Hiliadi	State Hints Hue
17.	Howard Lowmis Twirl	You Dotted

Of Gracious Living

THE PAVILION. By Stark Young. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 194 pp. $2.50.

By John Faulkner

STARK YOUNG, author, artist, drama critic, adds another to his long list of achievements in "The Pavilion." Mr. Young was educated at Ole Miss (the University of Mississippi), Columbia, and abroad; but perhaps most of his education came from his home. He tells of this in "The Pavilion" which is not only an autobiography but a sort of saga of his forming years. The book covers the first twenty years of his life as seen through the poignant distance of almost half a century.

Here Stark Young describes his people with a great deal of tenderness. For those who wish to read they will see a world of consideration for the individual even though that individual might be less than ten, they will see a world of values which were not measured in terms of dollars and cents but in the every day contact between people. Stark Young's father, gentlemanly, friendly, simple, direct, paved the way for his son's adolescence by offering to whip the man with his bare hands who whispered dirty stories in his son's ears, then went to call on a sick darky from whom he never expected to receive a cent with no doubt that the vehemence of his own gentle fury would forever keep untainted the path of his teen-age son. A high mark in Stark Young's formative years was watching a door being cut in the upstairs wall of his home to permit easier access to the stairway for a maidenly kinswoman who, in genteel poverty visited periodically and for seasonal stays her many "cousins" about Mississippi and who objected to the few extra steps necessary to carry her through the door already there. That the room now had two doors was of no concern; that the whole scheme of the hall had been disturbed was of no concern either. What really mattered was, Was the new location acceptable to "Cud'n Mary."

In such an atmosphere was Stark Young brought up and of his bringing up he tells in "The Pavilion." In his father's day conversation was not an art, it was a pleasure. It had its rules and restrictions. Scandals were not repeated before young ears, frivolous

(*Continued on page 47*)

John Faulkner, who was born in Mississippi and still lives there, is the author of "Chooky" and other books.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fiction. *Until perhaps a quarter of a century ago most of the novels Americans read were imported from Britain. But so much has the situation changed —indeed American fiction now has a large export market—that it is worth remarking when our English cousins bulk large on our own reading lists, as is the case this season. Nicholas Monsarrat's "The Cruel Sea" and Henry Green's "Party Going" have already appeared* [SRL *Aug. 11, Sept. 22*]. *Just over the horizon are Joyce Cary's "Mr. Johnson," Angela Thirkell's "The Duke's Daughter," and Graham Green's "The End of the Affair." Below we review two just published English novels: Nancy Mitford's "The Blessing," witty and intelligent light reading fare, and Helen Ashton's "Letty Landon," fictional biography that somehow misses fire* *(see page 34)*. . . . *On the domestic front H. J. Kaplan's speculative novel "The Spirit and the Bride"* *(also page 34)* *is good enough to make the reader wish it were considerably better.*

High-life with a French Accent

THE BLESSING. By Nancy Mitford. New York: Random House. 305 *pp.* $3.

By Rosemary Carr Benet

ONE OF my French friends used to talk about "*le high-life*," making it rhyme mysteriously with fig-leaf. I was reminded of that in reading "The Blessing" for it is high-life with a decided French accent, and a very diverting picture it is, too. The important question here is, as always with a light novel, is it amusing? The answer is an unqualified Yes. It is extremely amusing. It is also sophisticated, sometimes brilliant, sometimes ribald, and very European in its view. I suppose it could be read on other levels than pure amusement; as a study, contrasting French and British ideas of marriage, for instance, or as a picture of a thoroughly spoiled child and the psychological evils of divorce, or as a devastating indictment of that worst of all English institutions, the indomitable Nanny, but I doubt if it will be. It is amusement that comes first and what one remembers afterwards is an undercurrent of wicked, rippling laughter. Miss Mitford's wit is what the French call *malin*,—sly, clever, mischievous rather than malicious. There is a fine touch of irony in her title, "The Blessing," applied to one of the prize brats of fiction, dear little Sigismond who does his best to disrupt his parents' lives, having learned that he gets more out of them when they are separated than when they are together.

Miss Mitford's story hinges on an upper-class French-English marriage. Grace, daughter of Sir Conrad Allingham, a distinguished M.P., marries Charles-Edouard, Marquis de Valhubert. All very correct and suitable, except that he is, as his grandmother says, "a deeply French Frenchman, not an Englishman with a French veneer." The Valhubert title is old and good. The family is traditionally Catholic. They have a chateau, Bellandargues, and a town house in Paris. They feel only shame that there is a Napoleonic marshal in the connection. In a short time Grace and her "dreamy illiteracy" and her simple, direct, childlike charm come to grips with what is most sophisticated and worldly in Parisian society. "In France you are always in a witness-box," says Charles-Edouard. One of the aunts characterizes the English as "all half mad, a country of enormous, fair, mad atheists." Since she truly loves Charles-Edouard, Grace might have managed to work out this difficult transplantation but for three stumbling blocks, her husband's infidelities and two further disrupting complications: her son, the precocious, scheming Sigismond, and inflexible Nanny who drives everyone mad with her complaints yet seems to be indispensable. A French husband and an English Nanny are irreconcilables. Charles-Edouard and his amours, Grace and her jealousy, Sigi and his escapades, and Nanny and her regimentation come to life brilliantly, in credible and lively fashion. There are also sketches of some remarkable old aunts who remain intellectual and passionate at over three-score years and ten, and in the course of the book there are a good many scenes of what used to be called secrets of the alcove. A feat that Miss Mitford manages—and that I would not have thought possible —is to set one hilariously funny scene in Père La Chaise cemetery. And still another major feat is to make Charles-Edouard talk like a Frenchman without resorting to any grotesque, Hemingwayesque distortions of language.

—By Susanne Suba, from "There's No Place Like Paris!"

Like a great many other people, I love to read about the gentry. I always like the Cinderella story better when she gets away from the cinders and those dull sisters and we get on to the ball. There is quite a bit here about dining out and fetes and parties, a background that is perfectly familiar to Miss Mitford who knows her Anglo-French upper crust to its last crumb. She was born to that world and is good at her tongue-in-the-cheek reporting.

Her analysis of the characteristic French and English virtues and faults is, on the whole, shrewd and just, but she is, I strongly suspect, one of those she describes: "They belonged to the category of English person, not rare among the cultivated classes, and not the least respectable of their race, who can find almost literally nothing to criticize where the French are concerned." Though not of that exalted company, I agree. In spite of its airy account of infidelities, the mood is moral. "A woman who puts her husband first seldom loses him," Grace is told and, despite Sigi's machinations, we get a happy ending. Under its sophisticated, sometimes brittle, surface, there is a good deal of wit and wisdom concealed here. This a fine mixture of English charm with Gallic humor. And quite a dish it is!

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Literary Backgrounds

LETTY LANDON. By Helen Ashton. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 306 pp. $3.

By Howard Mumford Jones

THE ground rules of some sorts of commercial fiction — for example, the Western and the detective story —have been well worked out and, indeed, are modified only by the solemn assent of writers in annual sessions. The rules of some sorts of historical fiction were settled by convention in the nineteenth century. But, so far as I know, the rules for the fictionalized biography have not been codified, though I think they should be.

How far, for example, may the writer go in distorting fact? May he, as is done in this novel, attribute "Paul and Virginia" to Lamartine, whereas it was written by Bernardin de Saint-Pierre? May he write of Leigh Hunt that he had lived in Italy "in the Twenties with three immortals, now dead: Lord Byron, John Keats, and Shelley," whereas Hunt lived only with Byron? How far may the writer strain credibility in presenting distorted versions of well-known historical facts? Miss Ashton appends a bibliography of thirty titles to her "novel," plus some other matters, and yet as history her book is something less than trustworthy. Does the art of fiction gain? I think not, among informed readers, though the sentimentalist will not care.

Miss Ashton had considerable success with a book called "Parson Austen's Daughter," but there the heroine was Jane Austen and the conversations ready to hand in the novels and in the immortal letters. This time she has chosen a pale, ineffectual poetess of the period of the Regency and the Reform Bill, Letitia E. Landon, known as "L.E.L.," whose writings were, as Miss Ashton is forced to admit, a combination of hackwork and sentimentality. Around this passive figure the details of the literary life of the earlier nineteenth century are assembled. Miss Landon knows, or comes to know, everybody. For no very clear reason she is maligned, and for no very clear reason George Maclean, the governor of the Gold Coast falls in love with her, takes her off to Africa, proves something of a Rhett Butler in his surly masculinity, and she dies of a dose of poison. The central difficulty is that the heroine is without interest because she seldom acts but is usually acted upon.

Bulwer-Lytton and the incredible Rosina Wheeler drift through these events, and the novel takes on a sort of vitality whenever they are concerned. In truth, Rosina should have been the central character, not "L.E.L.," for Rosina, that little demon, really challenges curiosity as the Grub-Street poetess does not. All that can be said of Letty is that nothing became her life like the leaving of it—once off to Africa, she is on her own, without the support of literary history, and for the first time in the story really comes alive. It is evident that Miss Ashton has a genuine gift for narrative, but this is so hidden through most of the story beneath mounds of literary "information" and conversations which are essays in disguise, it does not appear in time to save her book from monotony. I suggest the formula is wrong.

—*Walter Bird.*

Helen Ashton—"essays in disguise."

H. J. Kaplan—"windy disquisitions."

Quest of an Idea

THE SPIRIT AND THE BRIDE. By H. J. Kaplan. New York: Harper & Bros. 245 pp. $3.

By Martin Levin

H. J. KAPLAN is the author of an excellent first novel, published last year, called "The Plenipotentiaries." In it, he captured the mood of the times in postwar Paris, and in the world at large, for the moral and intellectual confusion he depicted was not restricted by geography. It was a novel crowded with sharp analyses of expatriate types and filled with sufficient incident to bring their lives sharply into focus. His latest effort, "The Spirit and the Bride," is a different sort of endeavor. Where Mr. Kaplan's first novel represented the distillation of a milieu, his second concerns the quest of an idea.

The hero of Mr. Kaplan's intellectual odyssey is Philip Clifford, a middle-aged American professor abroad on a government mission. Spurred by a sudden flash of insight, he embarks on a physical and spiritual tour to discover whether a plane of reality exists other than that which constitutes his own particular world. As he ambles about Paris Professor Clifford questions and rejects various ideals, imbibing frequent refreshment as he goes. His marriage, his profession, the world of affairs, the fleshpots—none of these can the professor identify with his ultimate destiny. Finally he winds up in the ramshackle boudoir of an Oriental harlot, faced with what seems to be imminent destruction. And here Mr. Kaplan's seeker finds another level of reality: the reality of death. Philip Clifford has been looking for a sphere of living other than that into which he happens to have been thrust, for "the life you determine to have when you're a kid, and you decide not to fall into the usual traps." But the only "absolute vocation" he finds is the perspective of his absolute end. There is nowhere else to turn since he now believes that "the world he lived in and the world that lived in him were one."

It is unfortunate that Mr. Kaplan's speculations do not form the basis of a good novel. Spread thinly over 245 pages, his ruminations become increasingly tiresome, until one finally loses interest in the problem of his hero and in his spiritual meandering. In part this is due to the fact that Mr. Kaplan frequently chooses to write as an essayist rather than as a novelist and is constantly shouldering his protagonist

(*Continued on page* 39)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SRL Goes to the Movies

OUT OF THIS WORLD

A FEW MONTHS back in "The Thing" an interesting monster arrived up around the North Pole via flying saucer and gave some scientists and air force men a hard time before he was finally subdued and our world saved for the time being. Now it appears that Twentieth Century has been wondering if the shoe wasn't put on the wrong foot: maybe, those beings on other planets are just as worried about the earth's potential menace to interplanetary harmony. So another flying saucer has arrived, this time right in Washington, D. C., bearing an emissary from outer space who is anxious to talk things over with us. The record of his arrival and subsequent events can be found in "The Day the Earth Stood Still."

Unlike the Thing, the emissary is a charming chap, with every evidence that warm human blood, and not vegetable sap, flows in his veins. His name is Klaatu, and as portrayed by Michael Rennie he speaks our language with a fine British accent (they've been monitoring our radio and television broadcasts for years out there, but have obviously been partial to the BBC) and has come with the best of intentions, resolved to be diplomatic but firm.

His message is, briefly, as follows: a league of planets has noticed and become concerned about our discovery of what they know to be a rudimentary form of atomic energy. From prior experience, these other-planetary beings are aware of the far-reaching potential of this energy. It can be used to conquer and destroy planets. Klaatu hastens to make clear that his group doesn't give much of a damn whether or not we blow our own world to bits, but from our actions in the past they feel it is possible we will turn to interplanetary imperialism, and this the other planets will not tolerate. Unless we change our ways, cease and desist from all forms of aggressive behavior, he will regrettably be forced to put an end to us.

—*From "The Day the Earth Stood Still."*

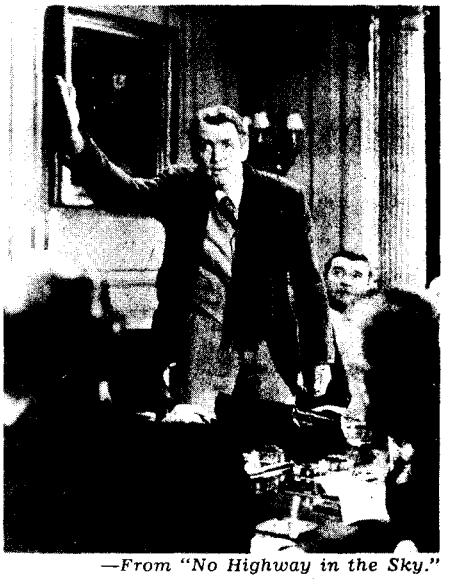
". . . keep aggressive tendencies in check."

How will he do it? Well, he has brought along a robot with him. This robot is indestructible and exceedingly powerful. He flashes a beam that instantly melts down a Sherman tank, and he can disintegrate a human being more quickly than you can say "Klaatu barada nikto." He is one of a "race" of robots that has been especially manufactured to patrol space and see that all planets keep their aggressive tendencies in check.

The scientists and the military are at odds as to how to deal with Klaatu and the robot, but the Defense Department feels that the immediate menace must be taken care of first, and sends Klaatu into hiding. They finally smoke him out, but not before the visitor has demonstrated some of his powers the better to convince our world leaders.

I will not divulge the way by which he proves his point, except to say that he does it in a thoroughly nice and gentlemanly way. I enjoyed it all, but I did hear a lady behind me whisper to her companion, "Why this is utterly fantastic." Of course, if people are going to take *that* attitude. . . .

Twentieth Century evidently has a preoccupation with scientific (or pseudo-scientific) matters these days, for another of their most recent enterprises, "No Highway in the Sky," brings us James Stewart in the role of Theodore Honey, aeronautical scientist. Mr. Honey has a brain of high candle power when it comes to working out stresses and strains on the tail assemblies of large aircraft, but he manages his home life with the astuteness of a cocker spaniel—a not unfamiliar concept of the scientist personality type. A widower, he attempts to bring up a thirteen-year-old daughter according to the methods of applied science and while she doesn't get out of hand, since they harmoniously work out mental chess problems together, she does find herself snubbed by her schoolmates.



—*From "No Highway in the Sky."*

James Stewart—"aeronautical scientist."

There are women obviously needed to straighten out both Mr. Honey and his daughter.

Mr. Honey is an American, but has been working for a British concern, makers of the latest thing in airliners, the Reindeer. He has figured out that after some fourteen hundred hours of flying time the tail assembly of the Reindeer will undergo nuclear changes and fall off. It's too much for the officials of the aircraft factory to comprehend, but they trust Mr. Honey and have given him a Reindeer to toy around with. Before the experiment is completed, however, word arrives that a Reindeer has crashed in Greenland after completing fourteen hundred hours of flying time. Mr. Honey must personally go to inspect the remains. He naturally flies via Reindeer, a supposedly new and safe one, on a scheduled trip to Newfoundland, and on board is looked after by the stewardess, pretty Glynis Johns, and finds himself seated near Marlene Dietrich, a movie star whom, like innumerable others, he has always intensely admired.

You may already be ahead of me on this, but the log of the plane shows nearly fourteen hundred hours of flying time, and if the scientist's calculations are correct, the craft has every chance of falling into the ocean long before Newfoundland is reached. The ride from that point on is, of course, interesting, but the plane doesn't fall into the ocean. Everything works out amusingly, though, and you're not sure up until the end which of the two ladies will hang around to solve Mr. Honey's personal problems.

Upon analysis, the story seems pretty well rigged up, and I have been trying to understand just why I found the movie vastly enjoyable. The answer, I guess, is simple. Mr. Stewart,

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GERTRUDE LAWRENCE
In A New Musical Play
The King and I
Music by
RICHARD RODGERS
Book and Lyrics by
OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
Based on the Novel "Anna and the King of Siam" by
MARGARET LANDON
with YUL BRYNNER
DOROTHY SARNOFF · DORETTA MORROW
Directed by JOHN van DRUTEN
Settings and Lighting by JO MIELZINER
Costumes designed by IRENE SHARAFF
Choreography by JEROME ROBBINS
Air-Cond. ST. JAMES THEA., W. 44 St.
Evgs. at 8:25. Mats. Wed. & Sat. at 2:25

R & H

Presented in association with
LELAND HAYWARD & JOSHUA LOGAN
PULITZER PRIZE and CRITICS' AWARD
ROGER RICO
MARTHA WRIGHT
IN
South Pacific
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
Book by
OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd & JOSHUA LOGAN
Adapted from JAMES A. MICHENER'S Pulitzer Prize Winning "TALES OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC"
Directed by JOSHUA LOGAN
Scenery & Lighting by Jo Mielziner
MYRON McCORMICK ● DIOSA COSTELLO
Air-Cond. MAJESTIC, West 44 St.
Evgs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

"GENUINE ENTERTAINMENT, full of brains, talent, wit, humor and splendor." —Brooks Atkinson, Times
BERT LAHR
DOLORES GRAY
in
"Two on the Aisle"
Hilarious Musical Revue
with ELLIOTT REID
and COLETTE MARCHAND
Air-Cond. MARK HELLINGER THEA., B'way at 51 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

Leland Hayward presents
Ethel Merman
in
"Call Me Madam"
with PAUL LUKAS
ALAN HEWITT
Music & Lyrics by IRVING BERLIN
Book by HOWARD LINDSAY & RUSSEL CROUSE
Directed by GEORGE ABBOTT
Dances & Musical Numbers by JEROME ROBBINS
Air-Cond. IMPERIAL, 241 W. 45th St.
Evgs. at 8:30. Mats. WED. & SAT. at 2:30

Miss Dietrich, and Miss Johns are remarkably appealing personalities, and they are at their very best here. The script and the direction give them every opportunity to sparkle, and, professionals that they are, they come through.

—Hollis Alpert.

SRL Recommends

The Day the Earth Stood Still: Reviewed in this issue.

No Highway in the Sky: Reviewed in this issue.

The Red Badge of Courage: A translation of Stephen Crane's Civil War classic into what may well become a classic of twentieth-century American film making. Masterfully directed by John Huston; with Audie Murphy and cartoonist Bill Mauldin.

Los Olvidados (*The Forgotten Ones*): Incidents uncovered and vouched for by Mexican penal and educational authorities. An angry film—not for the sensitive stomach, but important. (*SRL* Sept. 15.)

The Medium: Gian-Carlo Menotti opera filmed in Italy and directed by the composer with knowing artistry. Marie Powers and Leo Coleman of original cast, plus "find," Anna Maria Alberghetti. (*SRL* Sept. 8.)

A Place in the Sun: Dreiser's universal values emphasized, his more dated polemics muted, in this well-acted remake of "An American Tragedy," expertly directed by George Stevens. (*SRL* Sept. 1.)

A Streetcar Named Desire: Tennessee Williams's prize-winning drama remolded for screen with 20-20 insight by Director Elia Kazan and unexcelled cast. (*SRL* Sept. 1.)

The Well: A screenplay about a little colored girl who falls into an abandoned well, told with excitement, dignity, and common sense. (*SRL* Sept. 22.)

Captain Horatio Hornblower: All of the gusto, sweep, and color of the C. S. Forester series preserved in Technicolor. (*SRL* July 7.)

20th Century-Fox presents
DAVID AND BATHSHEBA
TECHNICOLOR
starring
GREGORY PECK
SUSAN HAYWARD
Scientifically Air Conditioned
NOW! RIVOLI B'WAY AT 49th ST
Doors Open 9.30 AM

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
Showplace of the Nation
Rockefeller Center
"AN AMERICAN IN PARIS"
To the Music of
GEORGE GERSHWIN
starring
GENE KELLY
and introducing
LESLIE CARON
with
OSCAR LEVANT
GEORGES GUETARY
NINA FOCH
Color by TECHNICOLOR
Story and Screen Play by ALAN JAY LERNER
Lyrics by IRA GERSHWIN
Produced by ARTHUR FREED
An M-G-M Picture
Directed by VINCENTE MINNELLI
●
ON THE GREAT STAGE — A gala new revue, produced by Russell Markert . . . settings by James Stewart Morcom . . . with the Corps de Ballet, Choral Ensemble, Rockettes and the Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Raymond Paige.

THE 'STREETCAR' THAT'S WAITING FOR YOU!
WARNER BROS. PRESENT ON THE SCREEN
"A Streetcar Named Desire"
An ELIA KAZAN Production
Produced by CHARLES K. FELDMAN
starring
VIVIEN LEIGH
and
MARLON BRANDO
KIM HUNTER · KARL MALDEN
SCREEN PLAY BY TENNESSEE WILLIAMS DIRECTED BY ELIA KAZAN
FROM THE PULITZER PRIZE AND CRITICS AWARD PLAY
NOW! WARNER THEATRE
(FORMERLY STRAND) • BROADWAY AT 47TH

BUY U. S. SAVINGS BONDS

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TV and Radio

CAMPAIGNING BEFORE THE CAMERAS

NINETEEN FIFTY-TWO will see America's first national political campaign conducted in significant measure on television. What will it be like? Undoubtedly, the trend will be away from the candidate reading a speech before the impatient camera. A deposit of antevideo dulness and dignity will still be found on higher echelon candidates, particularly when they are addressing voters on location. But even Harry S. Truman, if he runs again, will have to consider carefully the electioneering wisdom of firesiding the people from behind a desk with a looseleaf manuscript, via TV.

Governor Dewey, in New York State's last gubernatorial campaign, stepped out in stride with the times when he informally answered presumably unplanted questions relayed to him on a TV studio screen by citizens out on the sidewalks. The innovation paid off: it revealed the carefully manicured and efficient superpolitician who had fallen from overconfidence to defeat in the 1948 Presidential election, in a much more personable and electable light. Now, Rudolph Halley, former chief counsel for the Senate Crime Investigating Committee, a current candidate for the presidency of New York's City Council, has taken the video campaign one step farther from broadcasting's old political harangue technique.

The TV cameras hummed Mr. Halley into national headlines during the crime hearings. One day it was "Who is this horn-rimmed, razor-tongued quarterback calling the signals for Tennessee's Kefauver and New Hampshire's Tobey?" The next it was Rudolph Halley granting press conferences, making speeches, narrating a network crime series ("Crime Syndicate," CBS-TV, Tuesdays; to be reviewed in a coming issue), and accepting a triple-threat nomination for the principal office at stake in New York this fall from the Liberal, City Fusion, and Independent parties.

TV's authentic Mr. Gangbuster officially opened his campaign recently with a local quarter-hour broadcast over ABC-TV. Actor Ralph Bellamy introduced him with film clips of the Kefauver hearings, which showed counselor Halley putting the electronic finger on Frank Costello. Then candidate Halley appeared and it was a let-down to watch him read diligently from a script, which, we acknowledge gratefully, he, at least, made no effort to hide. The quietly ironic twisting of the ad lib knife which the chief counsel wielded so artfully on mobsters and perjurers during the crime hearings was missed. It is important, of course, for a candidate to avoid the injudicious, off-the-cuff remark; therefore the protection of the script. But TV campaigning is a conversation, and you do not enjoy talking to a man who answers you from a book. Mr. Halley is too good a swimmer in a sea of argument to need the life belt. He would do better to speak extemporaneously as he did on TV during the investigations.

The contribution to the development of video which he made on his first campaign broadcast was his clever use of photographs. Twice during his speech he arose from the desk and showed his TV audience picture groupings to illustrate his charge of association between Tammany and the underworld.

The visualization and movement were simply, even crudely, done, but the crust of custom has been broken. Candidates for public office, national or local, will in the future be constrained, each according to the funds and facilities available, by the mere pressure of comparison and competition, to pursue this new path of the TV political debate. Television will make it insufficient henceforth for candidates to be laudable. They will have to be viewable. This means daring TV exploitations of new political communication techniques — the discussion, the documentary, perhaps even the variety show.

Why not? In striving to hold his audience, the candidate could well utilize the satiric sketch, the song, even the ballet. The ultimate would be the relegation of the argument to the status of the commercial — in jingle form. It would certainly make for livelier campaigns: the results could hardly be worse than they have been; they might even be better. As for sober reasoning, that would scarcely be missed. When has it been present—in politics or on television?

* * *

Regular sampling of radio and TV drama continues to persuade me that your chances for finding quality in writing and acting are better on dial than they are on channel. On a recent Sunday I matched NBC's "Theatre Guild on the Air" against NBC-TV's "Philco Television Playhouse." The radio drama was Tennessee Williams's "The Glass Menagerie," adapted by Robert Anderson, starring Helen Hayes and Montgomery Clift. Philco's TV entry was David Shaw's adaptation of Brenda Weisberg's "The Wayward Season," with Kent Smith, Carol Goodner, and Margaret Wycherly. The Theatre Guild presentation, a rather special case, to be sure, made compelling listening out of Mr. Williams's dark and mocking little tragedy. The TV play was a shallow story about a middle-aged composer questing his youth.

The following Monday, CBS's "Lux Radio Theatre" struck an adult note with an adaptation of the screen's macabre "Sunset Boulevard." The literal translation of the story from film to microphone, as always, made for a headlong pace, which suffered from the memory of Billy Wilder's measured and masterful direction of the movie. Nevertheless, there was bite and distinction in the writing and in the performances of Gloria Swanson and William Holden. By comparison, Westinghouse's "Studio One" returned to CBS-TV's air the same night with a period piece rich in cliches of dialogue and character. "Angelic Avengers" was the title and Producer Worthington Miner adapted it from Piérre Andrezel's original.

The "Studio One" settings invariably have welcome dimension, albeit, like all TV dramatic shows, they never escape that feeling of interior set claustrophobia, and Paul Nickell's direction is often resourceful; but the alleged talents of Maria Riva and Mary Sinclair, the program's two contract starlets, will never flourish under the too, too telegenic treatment they received on the season's opener.

A new program, "Author, Author," Monday nights on ABC-TV, seems to promise, if not high quality, at least non-standard stuff of video plots. Each week an original TV drama is presented by a new author, and, under the offices of playwright Marc Connelly, critics Harriet Van Horne and Gilbert Seldes and comedy writer Charles Sherman assess it. The critics were pleasantly gentle with Edward Dudowicz's "Angels of Distinction," a one-act fantasy about the death of an alcoholic, which, while very awkwardly played, was noteworthy for its complete freedom from pistols, philandering husbands, and angelic avengers.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Music to My Ears

ALONSO AND YOUSKEVITCH IN "GISELLE"—THE MAN BUSCH

THE Ballet Theater has the usual quantity of new works to show in the season now under way in the Metropolitan, but with all respect to the quality they may possess—none having been seen at the moment of writing—it seems probable that its "Giselle" will remain the dominant memory of the season. To know that it is being danced by Alicia Alonso and Igor Youskevitch is to have a clue to some aspects of its quality: actually Youskevitch is even better than the best Albrecht he has been, and Miss Alonso is coming perilously close to the rarified atmosphere inhabited by the memories of Alicia Markova.

What we have, then, is the best balanced partnership for this work that has been seen in New York in a decade and a half. (No use going back further because it wasn't being given.) At her peak Miss Markova had no such partner as the present Youskevitch, nor did Margot Fonteyn a year ago with the Sadler's Wells company. Since Alonso and Youskevitch are very much on the prime side of their prime, there is no reason why they should not develop their characterizations to even greater heights while retaining all the physical attributes their parts require.

Though Miss Alonso has not the most luminous stage personality, it is absorbing to notice how she has compensated for this with details of gesture and pose which convey, by plastic freedom and fluid line, what her facial play doesn't. It is a triumph of adding one small detail to another until she has now welded together a conception altogether consistent from first to last. Mirth and madness, rustic gayety and spiritual torment ebb and flow to the lunar pull of the special moonstruck quality which makes this ballet what it is.

For his part — literally — Youskevitch now provides a humor and warmth which succeed in rounding out a performance always superb on the physical side, more convincing than ever on the dramatic. This attests to a good deal of discipline and aspiration, considering that Youskevitch has been for years so much the best dancer of this part that he might well have ignored its theatrical challenge. That he hasn't is the mark of an artist with a conscience, rather than merely a dancer with a body.

The Ballet Theatre "Giselle" is further balanced by such attributes as a fine treatment of the orchestral score under the watchful supervision of Alexander Smallens, excellent supporting work by Mary Ellen Moylan as Queen of the Willis, Dimitri Romanoff as Hilarion, and Edward Caton as the Duke. Assuming that good dancing is the best reason for going to the ballet, this "Giselle" provides it in abundance.

THE reminders that musicians, no matter how eminent, are as mortal as the next man have been uncommonly frequent of late, with the successive deaths of Serge Koussevitzky, Arnold Schoenberg, Artur Schnabel, and Constant Lambert. However strong the temptation is to restrict our feelings to silence, the recent death of Fritz Busch of London commands more than a fervent "Rest in Peace."

It is almost impossible, in these days of international tensions and ideological curtains, to recall that there was once a time when a person of decent instincts had the opportunity to declare himself before the world. That time was in Germany on Hitler's assumption of power in 1933. The descendant of a long line of "pure - blooded" Germans, Busch had risen to the directorship of the Dresden Opera, one of the choicest situations that musical Germany provided. Nevertheless, when the dogma of "Mein Kampf" became the clear intent of the Nazi regime Busch—together with his brother Adolf — chose self-exile. Neither threats nor blandishments — including personal expressions of affection and forgiveness from Hitler—swayed him in his resolve to "keep off that place" while the hateful regime endured.

The artistic aftermath was happier than anyone could have predicted, for Busch found ample employment in the great opera houses of the world, and the fulfilment of his keenest esthetic impulses in John Christie's Glyndebourne, with Carl Ebert and Rudolf Bing as companions in arms. There were great days there and some good ones in South America and San Francisco, Stockholm and the Metropolitan, after the war. Busch was not Everyman's conductor, but those who fell in with his way of doing things found his Verdi, Wagner, and even Donizetti ("Don Pasquale") deeply satisfying. We assume that his status as a world-wide master of Mozart needs no affirmation.

In the petty round of daily music making, the sensitive interpretative artist grasps at every slim straw that might preserve his repute when his mortal course is run — recordings, films, memoirs, annotated editions embodying his life's learning. Fritz Busch, of Siegen, Westphalia, will be remembered above all his musical achievements for one moment of clarity, one gesture of character, as one shining example, among many who failed, of an artist who did the right thing at the right time.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

Youskevitch and Alonso—"dominant memory of the season."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FICTION

(Continued from page 34)

aside and addressing windy disquisitions directly to the reader. One gets the feeling that "The Spirit and the Bride" was conceived before Mr. Kaplan's other novel, perhaps because it veers to the existentialism that "The Plenipotentiaries" dismisses satirically, perhaps because it is written in the annoyingly rococo style which in his earlier book Mr. Kaplan attributed to Phineas W. Straus, the eccentric journalist. Here he has only himself to blame.

In spite of its shortcomings "The Spirit and the Bride" cannot completely conceal Mr. Kaplan's genuine talent as a writer. But one must look to his next novel to fulfil the promise of his first.

Fiction Notes

BEAT THE DEVIL. By James Helvick. Lippincott. $3. "This fresh, original story has the kind of suspense, the action and adventure that go into a good Alfred Hitchcock film." If the words "fresh," "original," and "good" were deleted from the preceding statement inscribed on the book jacket, a fair comparison might be drawn between James Helvick's novel and the latest Hitchcock thriller, "Strangers on a Train." In both productions credibility, characterization, emotion, and everything else are sacrificed for the sake of plot. In all fairness to the film, however, one must report that it is climaxed by a startling explosion (the terrifying crash of the merry-go-round), whereas "Beat the Devil" has an ending as flat and dull as the film's first, second, and third reels.

Billy Dannreuther, "the romantic adventurer," and his wife, Maria, "a handsome tigress of a woman from Hungary," are en route to the Belgian Congo with a secretive group of greedy little businessmen who hope to make millions by cornering the carnotite market. These eager-beaver puppets have already disposed of a Belgian Government official and will, everyone is told, stop at nothing to get what they are after. While awaiting the departure of the S.S. *Nyanga* from a tiny Mediterranean port, they become suspicious of an English couple, Harry Chelm and his beautiful wife, Congo-bound to inherit a coffee plantation. While Billy seduces Gwendolen Chelm, Maria goes for Harry in her tigress fashion. Because Gwendolen, a chronic liar, wishes people to believe her handsome, but not very

A BORZOI BOOK

"The simplest and liveliest narrative Mr. Mann has written in years"[1]

"Reads like a book written simply for the pleasure of telling a good story"[2]

"One of the most entrancing stories he has ever told"[3]

THOMAS MANN'S

"Triumph of art"[4]

THE HOLY SINNER

"May well be the first authentic and enduring literary masterpiece of the second half of our century"[5]

"The rich, ripe work of a contemporary master"[6]

$3.50 at all bookstores

(N. Y. Times[1], Time[2], Book-of-the-Month Club News[3], Stephen Spender[4], Leon Edel[5], Atlantic[6])

ALFRED · A · KNOPF, *Publisher*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bright, husband is an important man, she tells "The Committee" Harry is interested in something more than coffee beans. Then everyone becomes properly suspicious of everyone else and there is interminable talk about uranium, life, love, and the promise of the Congo. When the *Nyanga* finally sails despite a faulty oil pipe, Harry Chelm is killed, the party is cast off in a launch and lands in Spain where they are promptly jailed. Billy bribes the chief of police and they escape back to the French port only to have Gwendolen spill the beans to the authorities about the carnotite expedition. The businessmen face incarceration, Gwendolen faces life without Harry, Billy and Maria set out to seek new pastures, and nobody walks away in a happy or satisfied frame of mind, least of all the reader.

—Joseph M. Grant.

HARBIN'S RIDGE. By Henry Giles. Houghton Mifflin. $2.75. This first novel of a young Kentucky hill man should be especially welcomed by those readers who object to a pure and earthy realism, yet demand some degree of truth and honesty in their fiction. In this short tale there are no words or scenes to jar even the most sensitive of sensibilities in spite of the fact that it deals in fairly honest and always entertaining fashion with the old and ugly problem that has plagued countless fathers since the time of Abram—the son not born to a proper wife.

Jeff Harbin, only lawful son of the elder Harbin, and now an old man past sixty, tells the whole of this story of crossed loves and hates, and such is the author's skill that staying always within the one viewpoint he gives us not only the story of Jeff Harbin's boyhood and young manhood, but also that of his bosom friend and half brother, Faleecy John, who lives in a wide, cracked shanty with his nagging mother and her drunken husband on a rented farm. Though the book is short it gives, without seeming sketchy, clear glimpses of the community life of the people—school, a barn raising, the Saturday night get-together of the young bloods. There are the usual love and hunting scenes, the birthings. None is detached, but all further the plot and round out the picture of a way of life of which the public has heard too little, that of the prosperous, respectable hill farmer.

The story begins with the birth of Faleecy John sometime in the late 1880's. We feel this peaceful, self sufficient world—the big farm, the solid barns and fences, the abundant food, the swing of life through the seasons; none are lengthily described, but Mr. Giles does what too few authors seem able to do: he makes his background part and parcel of his people.

However, save for the elder Harbin and some of the minor characters such as Granny, Mr. Harbin's characters as men and women are never so convincing as when they are children. We never feel the muchly described Faleecy John as man as much as we feel the pity of his childhood, and though much is made of Jeff's mother, the yellow-haired Lucibel, she never seems quite creditable; we are too much aware that she is a creation of goodness and beauty.

Mr. Giles is an author with a very great talent for words—similes, metaphors, pretty sounding phrases abound on almost every page. Moderately used they strengthen and enrich his prose, but at times too many descriptive phrases, too great an effort to use good old hill words create a note of artificiality instead of reality so that we lose the illusion of the tale's being told by an old hill farmer.

—Harriette Simpson Arnow.

THE STRANGER BESIDE ME. By Mabel Seeley. Doubleday. $3. When two scarred people marry they are headed for trouble. This seems to be the thesis of Mrs. Seeley's novel about the courtship and marriage of a woman with a disfiguring birthmark and a man whose scar, though not visible to the naked eye, is emotionally crippling. Had either of them been gifted with intelligence, humor, or spiritual strength they might have made a go of it. Lacking these attributes, they flounder in a morass of petty ambition, antagonism, and defeat. Why Mrs. Seeley chose such an unpleasant theme is a mystery only she (a onetime mystery writer) can solve.

Attracted to Christine Landa, a restaurant hostess, despite—or perhaps because of—the congenital red spot on her neck, Carl Reiss, a department store floor walker, succumbs to the compulsion to marry her. His feeling for her can hardly be described as love, for his only real emotion seems to be a consuming ambition to rise to the higher managerial echelon at Trurog's Store. Inability to cope with employee competition and store politics and psychosomatic attacks of asthma slow his progress, while Christine achieves success in the restaurant business. Although he depends on her ability, he ambivalently resents it. Failure to achieve a promotion snaps his tenuous hold on reason and in the end he tries to destroy the symbol of his obsession.

In "The Birthmark" Hawthorne's

—Jacket design for "The Stranger Beside Me."

skill created a tale of wincing horror and fascination. Mrs. Seeley's variation on the theme only succeeds in being distasteful and tedious.

—Ray Pierre.

BUDDHA'S RETURN. By Gaito Gazdanov. Translated by Nicholas Wreden. Dutton. $3. The core of this short novel is a murder story whose suspense suffers not in the least by the fact that the reader is left in no doubt as to the innocence of the man arrested for the crime. This part of the book is well done, and provides ample entertainment. The hero of the novel, a veteran of the Czarist army and a student at the Sorbonne, lives on next to nothing. (The time seems to be the late 1920's.) The young man is subject to recurring traumatic states which dim his awareness of the difference between reality, dreams, and hallucinations. It is he himself who tells the story of his mental affliction; but though he narrates it in a clear and frequently sagacious style the deeper implications of his tale are hard to locate. Perhaps there are none, and the scenes of irreality are merely snatches of a surrealist world. On the plane of reality, the caste of the drama consists of a number of the narrator's fellow exiles—among them the man to be murdered later, a wealthy hedonist, whose last will reveals a streak of great morality in his nature—a youthful *femme fatale*, her incredible Arab lover, and a golden Buddha statuette that has its role both in the philosophical musings of the protagonist and in his rescue from the guillotine. There is something dated about this milieu of Russian exiles in Paris, of beautiful Kasbah-trained prostitutes, and so on; and that fact somehow cheapens the novel, and harms the efforts of its author—who, when all is said, is a thoughtful writer.

—Robert Pick.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CRITICS' CHOICES

(*Continued from page 24*)

"The Fortune Tellers," by Berry Fleming (Lippincott).
"The Big Brokers," by Irving Shulman (Dial).

PAUL FLOWERS
Memphis Commercial Appeal

General

"The Forrestal Diaries," edited by Walter Millis (Viking).
"The President's Lady," by Irving Stone (Doubleday).
"Lord Chesterfield and His World," by Samuel Shellabarger (Little, Brown).
"How to Get from January to December," by Will Cuppy (Holt).
"The Magnificent Century," by Thomas B. Costain (Doubleday).

Fiction

"Melville Goodwin, USA," by John P. Marquand (Little, Brown).
"Moses," by Sholem Asch (Putnam).
"The Blessing," by Nancy Mitford (Random).
"Requiem for a Nun," by William Faulkner (Random).
"The Holy Sinner," by Thomas Mann (Knopf).

BEATRICE WASHBURN
Miami Herald

General

"The Face of the Earth," by H. M. Tomlinson (Bobbs-Merrill).
"The Magnificent Century," by Thomas B. Costain (Doubleday).
"The Pavilion," by Stark Young (Scribner).

Fiction

"With All My Heart," by Margaret Campbell Barnes (Macrae).
"Lie Down in Darkness," by William Styron (Bobbs-Merrill).
"The Holy Sinner," by Thomas Mann (Knopf).
"Melville Goodwin, USA," by John P. Marquand (Little, Brown).
"Requiem for a Nun," by William Faulkner (Random).

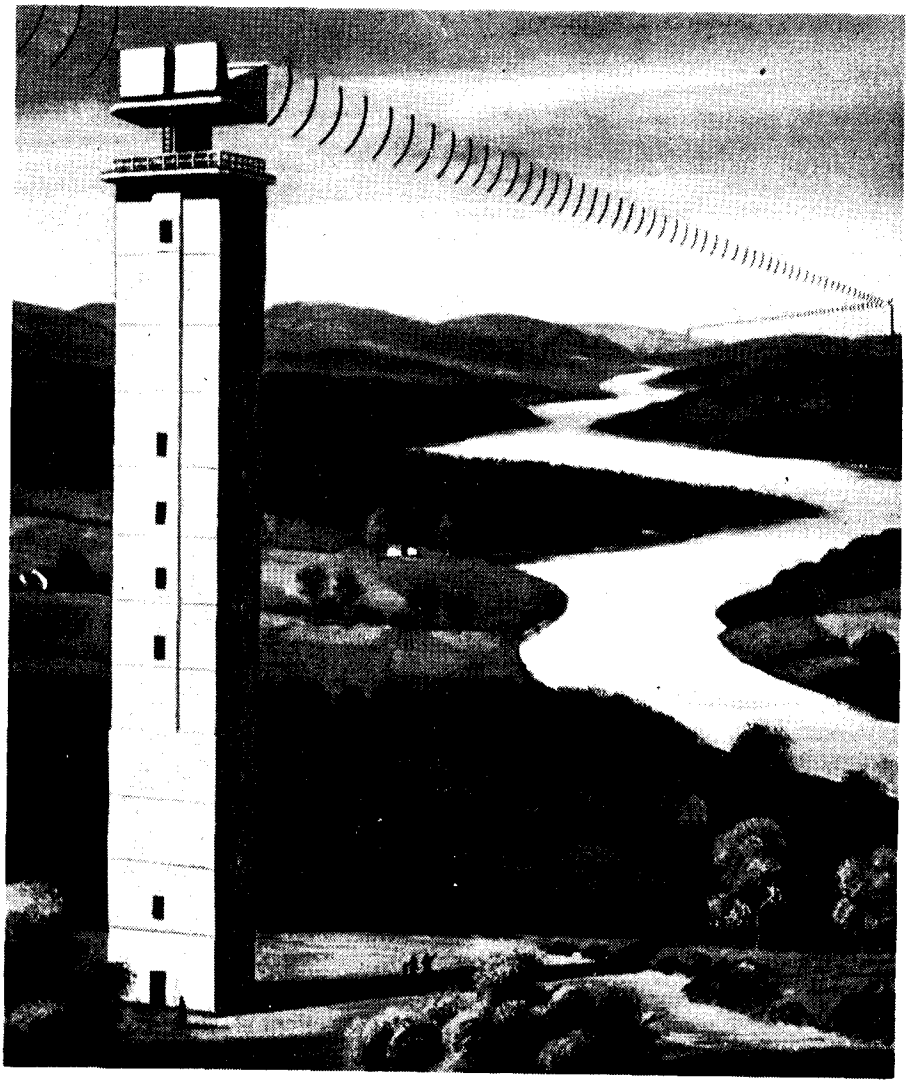
LESLIE CROSS
Milwaukee Journal

General

"The Memoirs of Herbert Hoover," (Macmillan).
"Closing the Ring," by Winston S. Churchill (Houghton Mifflin).
"George Washington" Vols. III & IV, by Douglas S. Freeman (Scribner).
"Jefferson and the Rights of Man," by Dumas Malone (Little, Brown).
"The Autobiography of William Carlos Williams" (Random House).

Fiction

"Lie Down in Darkness," by William Styron (Bobbs-Merrill).



New skyway spans nation with words and pictures

Bell System *Radio-Relay* built for Long Distance calls and television

There is something new on the national horizon! Bell Telephone construction crews have completed the last link in a coast-to-coast *Radio-Relay* system that is unique in all the world. Today, communications ride on radio microwaves, flashed through the air from tower to tower.

It was an historic event in 1915, when wires first carried the human voice across three thousand miles of mountains and prairie. By 1942, telephone messages were carried across the United States by another means — cable, both underground and overhead. And now comes *Radio-Relay* to supplement wire and cable!

The new system is already in use for Long Distance telephone service and coast-to-coast television. This new skyway helps make America's vast communications network even stronger and more flexible. And it could hardly happen at a better time. The demands of defense are heavy and urgent.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Melville Goodwin, USA," by John P. Marquand (Little, Brown).
"Requiem for a Nun," by William Faulkner (Random House).
"Moses," by Sholem Asch (Putnam).
"The Holy Sinner," by Thomas Mann (Knopf).

JOHN K. SHERMAN
Minneapolis Star & Tribune

General

"The Conduct of Life," by Lewis Mumford (Harcourt).
"Life in America," by Marshall B. Davidson (Houghton Mifflin).
"George Washington," Vols. III & IV, by Douglas S. Freeman (Scribner).
"White Collar," by C. Wright Mills (Oxford).
"Jefferson and the Rights of Man," bv Dumas Malone (Little, Brown).

Fiction

"Lie Down in Darkness," by William Styron (Bobbs-Merrill).
"The Holy Sinner," by Thomas Mann (Knopf).
"Requiem for a Nun," by William Faulkner (Random).
"The Good Soldier," by Ford Madox Ford (Knopf).
"Moses," by Sholem Asch (Putnam).

MARY STAHLMAN DOUGLAS
Nashville Banner

General

"Journey with Genius," by Witter Bynner (John Day).
"White Man Returns," by Agnes Newton Keith (Little, Brown).
"Cracks in the Kremlin Wall," by Edward Crankshaw (Viking).
"The Lost Library," by Walter Mehring (Bobbs-Merrill).
"Gentlemen, Swords, and Pistols," by Harnett T. Kane (Morrow).

Fiction

"The Strange Children," by Caroline Gordon (Scribner).
"A Way through the Wood," by Nigel Balchin (Houghton Mifflin).

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Alfred Austin: "Is Life Worth Living?" 2. Robert Bridges: "The Growth of Love." 3. Colley Cibber: "Love's Last Shitt." 4. William Davenant: "To a Mistress Dying." 5. John Dryden: "Alexander's Feast." 6. Laurence Eusden: "The Courtier. A Fable." 7. Ben Jonson: "Every Man in His Humor." 8. John Masefield: "Sea-Fever." 9. Henry James Pye: "Shooting." 10. Nicholas Rowe: "The Fair Penitent." 11. Thomas Shadwell: "Sullen Lovers." 12. Robert Southey: "The Battle of Blenheim." 13. Nahum Tate: "Panacea." 14. Alfred Tennyson: "Crossing the Bar." 15. Thomas Warton: "Retirement." 16. William Whitehead: "The Enthusiast." 17. William Wordsworth: "Ode to Duty."

"Melville Goodwin, USA," by John P. Marquand (Little, Brown).
"Neither Man Nor Angel," by Susan Seavy (Bobbs-Merrill).
"Buddha's Return," by Gaito Gazdanov (Dutton).

MAX HERZBERG
Newark Evening and Sunday News

General

"The Autobiography of William Carlos Williams" (Random).
"Voyage to Windward" by J. C. Furnas (Sloane).
"The Lobbyists," by Karl Schriftgiesser (Little, Brown).
"The Uprooted," by Oscar Handlin (Little, Brown).
"The Presidency," by Stefan Lorant (Macmillan).

Fiction

"Melville Goodwin, USA," by John P. Marquand (Little, Brown).
"The President's Lady," by Irving Stone (Doubleday).
"Requiem for a Nun," by William Faulkner (Random).
"Lie Down in Darkness," by William Styron (Bobbs-Merrill).
"The Big Brokers," by Irving Shulman (Dial Press).

CHARLES WESCH
New Orleans Times Picayune

General

"Closing the Ring," by Winston S. Churchill (Houghton Mifflin).
"The Memoirs of Herbert Hoover" (Macmillan).
"How to Protect Yourself Against Women and Other Vicissitudes," by Charles W. Morton (Lippincott).
"The Autobiography of William Carlos Williams" (Random).

Fiction

"Requiem for a Nun," by William Faulkner (Random).
"Moses," by Sholem Asch (Putnam).
"The President's Lady," by Irving Stone (Doubleday).
"Spark of Life," by Erich Maria Remarque (to be published January 21 by Appleton).
"Lie Down in Darkness," by William Styron (Bobbs-Merrill).

VICTOR P. HASS
Omaha World Herald

General

"Me and Mr. Mountjoy," by E. E. Fearon (Crown).
"The Face of the Earth," by H. M. Tomlinson (Bobbs-Merrill).
"The Pavilion," by Stark Young (Scribner).
"Closing the Ring," by Winston S. Churchill (Houghton Mifflin).
"The Damned Missouri Valley," by Richard G. Baumhoff (Knopf).

Fiction

"Melville Goodwin, USA," by John P. Marquand (Little, Brown).
"The President's Lady," by Irving Stone (Doubleday).
"The Masters," by C. P. Snow (Macmillan).
"Mister Johnson," by Joyce Cary (Harper).
"Mr. Smith," by Louis Bromfield (Harper).

JOHN D. PAULUS
The Pittsburgh Press

General

"Closing the Ring," by Winston S. Churchill (Houghton Mifflin).
"George Washington," Vols. III & IV, by Douglas S. Freeman (Scribner).
"The Forrestal Diaries," edited by Walter Millis (Viking).
"The Memoirs of Herbert Hoover" (Macmillan).
"The Magnificent Century," by Thomas B. Costain (Doubleday).

Fiction

"The Holy Sinner," by Thomas Mann (Knopf).
"Requiem for a Nun," by William Faulkner (Random).
"Moses," by Sholem Asch (Putnam).
"The Grass Harp," by Truman Capote (Random).
"Spark of Life," by Erich Maria Remarque (to be published January 21 by Appleton).

THOMAS B. SHERMAN
St. Louis Post Dispatch

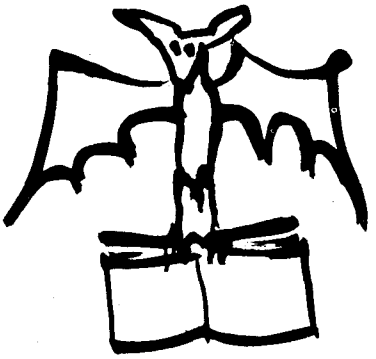
General

"The Sea Around Us," by Rachel L. Carson (Oxford).
"Fall of the Sparrow," by Jay Williams (Oxford).
"Powell of the Colorado," by William Culp Darrah (Princeton).
"Children of Noah," by Ben Lucien Burman (Messner).

Fiction

"Requiem for a Nun," by William Faulkner (Random).
"Melville Goodwin, USA," by John P. Marquand (Little, Brown).

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"I once enjoyed the passing friendship of a burglar, who constituted himself my escort through some streets surrounding a place where I was working. He declared that those streets were dangerous; I had only his word for it. He was very large, very tough, an amateur boxer and an ardent churchgoer, with strong leanings towards the Roman Catholic Church which were frustrated by what he considered her unreasonable insistence upon restitution as a condition for absolution." from:

GUILT

by Caryll Houselander

That feeling of guilt, which in all its guises and disguises is the plague of our generation, is explored by Caryll Houselander with a view to at least understanding it, and if possible getting rid of it. The effects of the guilt feeling are studied in saints (Thérèse Martin, Joseph Benedict Labre), in geniuses (Rimbaud, Rilke, Hans Anderson), and in criminals (Leopold and Loeb, the Monster of Dusseldorf, Irma Grese). A serious book but not written with too heavy a hand. Illus. $3.75

COLOR EBONY

by Helen Caldwell Day

A host of wrong ideas about Negroes die quietly whenever such a book as this appears—a brilliantly written autobiography and apologia by a Negro girl. Mrs. Day can think as well as write: we are very proud to have this, her first book (written at 23) on our list. $2.25

Order books from your bookstore

There is more about these books and other new books published by us in Sheed & Ward's OWN TRUMPET. Write for it to Elizabeth MacGill. It comes free and postpaid.

SHEED & WARD • New York 3

"The Fortune Tellers," by Berry Fleming (Lippincott).
"The Holy Sinner," by Thomas Mann (Knopf).
"The Cruel Sea," by Nicholas Monsarrat (Knopf).

JOSEPH HENRY JACKSON
San Francisco Chronicle

General

"The Forrestal Diaries." edited by Walter Millis (Viking).
"Voyage to Windward," by J. C. Furnas (Sloane).
"The Memoirs of Herbert Hoover" (Macmillan).
"A Foreign Policy for Americans," by Robert A. Taft (Doubleday).
"Venture to the Interior," by Laurens van der Post (Morrow).

Fiction

"The Fortune Tellers," by Berry Fleming (Lippincott).
"Cage of Darkness," by René Masson (Knopf).
"Melville Goodwin, USA," by John P. Marquand (Little, Brown).
"The Grass Harp," by Truman Capote (Random).
"Evil Under the Sun," by Anton Myrer (Random).

SUZANNE MARTIN
Seattle Post-Intelligencer

General

"Face of the Earth," by H. M. Tomlinson (Bobbs-Merrill).
"Dizzy," by Hesketh Pearson (Harper).
"I Was a Monk," by John Tettemer (Knopf).
"Out of Bondage," by Elizabeth Bentley (Devin-Adair).
"John C. Calhoun: Sectionalist," by Charles M. Wiltse (Bobbs-Merrill).

Fiction

"Melville Goodwin, USA," by John P. Marquand (Little, Brown).
"Requiem for a Nun," by William Faulkner (Random).
"Party Going," by Henry Green (Viking).
"Mister Johnson," by Joyce Cary (Harper).
"Lie Down in Darkness," by William Styron (Bobbs-Merrill).
"The Grass Harp," by Truman Capote (Random).

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 914)

T. A. BAILEY:
AMERICA FACES RUSSIA

(Russian-American politics from early times to our day)

The Marquis of Wellesley was reported to have said that the victory over Napoleon at Waterloo was unfortunate for England; having put down a power . . . she might have controlled, she had raised up a power . . . she would be unable to control.

Coming October 24:

The UNITED STATES and SPAIN

An Interpretation by Carlton J. H. Hayes

"I have read it from beginning to end with fascinated attention. I find it swift, sure, concise, totally informed, and convincing in its conclusion. What a relief to see somebody write about a topic of the day who knows history and how to handle it"—Max Eastman. $2.75

Two First Novels:

FEAR AT MY HEART

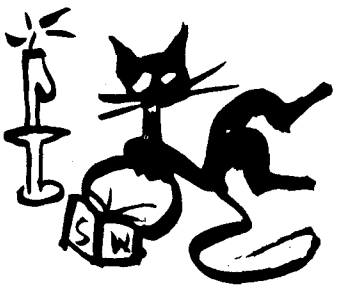
by Mary Harris

The story of Anthea, 11 years old, daughter of a painfully antiseptic lady doctor who fears religion as she does germs. Anthea could use a little affection in this world and would like to be assured of a next world where love reigns—and she feels thoroughly guilty on both counts. No less sentimental author than Mary Harris ever looked into a child's mind: much as she sympathizes with Anthea she finds plenty of amusement both in the child herself and in the pleasantly fantastic grown-ups who people her world. $2.50

STARSET AND SUNRISE

by Nicholas Sandys

The story, told in the first person, of gypsy-born Marjorie Chatham. She grows up, a cheerful child with a sense of humor and absolutely no morals to handicap her in her single-minded advance on Hollywood. She does achieve minor stardom (how the author knows his Hollywood!) and then conveniently, theatrically, but quite credibly finds her soul. $2.50



Sheed and Ward's OWN TRUMPET will tell you more about these and a couple of dozen other new books. To get it write to Elizabeth MacGill. It comes free and postpaid.

SHEED & WARD • New York 3

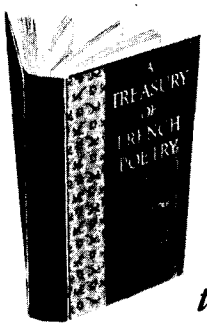
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A man's book, about his war...A woman's book, about her man...

The Caine Mutiny

by HERMAN WOUK

The U. S. Navy novel everybody's talking about! 512 pages, $3.95. DOUBLEDAY



Four centuries of the finest French poetry in translation

A TREASURY OF FRENCH POETRY

Selected and Translated by
ALAN CONDER

MARK VAN DOREN says: "The selection of poems is very fine, and the important poets are liberally represented. Any reader will learn a great deal from it about French poetry, and this goes for those who already know the field. The selection, that is to say, is just and serious." With Index of poets & first lines.

Introductions by WALTER DE LA MARE and LOUIS CAZAMIAN

At all bookstores • $3.00

HARPER & BROTHERS, N. Y. 16

THOMAS WOLFE DID NOT KILL MAXWELL PERKINS

(*Continued from page 17*)

cussed their parting over a period of many months, and, though there had been no final farewells, both knew, as they told me independently, that the time had come.

People often failed to understand Tom because they tried to judge him by ordinary standards, and this never worked. He had to do things in his own way, and his way was never the obvious way. For example, if you are an established author and want to make a new publishing connection, you don't go to Asheville, where there are not publishers. You may go to New York or Boston or Philadelphia or Indianapolis; but Tom went to Asheville. Also you don't try to do it by telephone, but that is what Tom did. And even if you do attempt to arrange such a thing by telephone, you don't go about it as Tom did. I have been told by several who received his unorthodox call that this is what happened: the long-distance operator said that Asheville, North Carolina, was calling, then Tom came on the line and in his booming voice said: "My name is Wolfe. Would you be interested in publishing me?"

Now if you were a publisher and received a call like that, what would you think and do? Exactly. One publisher told me later that he dismissed the whole thing as the prank of a practical joker and did nothing about it, to his profound regret. Another said to me that he was puzzled and decided to phone Max Perkins. He told Max of the call and asked whether Wolfe was leaving Scribner's. Max replied with complete honesty that he and Tom had talked about it, but that there had been no formal parting and that Tom had gone away to think it over. So this publisher, having heard fantastic stories about Tom, decided he must have been drunk when he telephoned and did nothing about it—to his later regret. A third, however, took the call more seriously and arranged to see Tom when he came North again; but since Tom was not yet ready to let anyone read his unfinished manuscripts, nothing came of their meeting.

In all, Tom called four or five publishers. Harper's was one of them. I had met Tom at a cocktail party in March of that year and we had talked together for perhaps two minutes. Our conversation had nothing to do with his writing. I was planning a business trip through the South and was going to stop a day or two at Chapel Hill and I asked him about people he knew there. He named several of his old friends: Archibald Henderson, Dr. Koch, Paul Green, Phillips Russell (and when I went to Chapel Hill I saw them all). This was the full extent of our conversation on the one occasion I had met him. Nevertheless, Tom included me among the publishing people he called from Asheville in the summer of 1937; and what followed was one of those things that should not happen but did. Through an error on the part of the Harper switchboard operator, the call for me was put through to Lee Hartman, then editor of *Harper's Magazine*. Tom came on the line and said his set piece: "My name is Wolfe. Would you be interested in publishing me?" Lee, thinking of course that Tom was referring to magazine publication, said: "Send me something. I'll be glad to look it over." Tom, as he told me later, believing he had talked to a book editor, was puzzled by the reply and, taking it to mean that Harper's was not really interested in his books, wiped that house off his slate.

For the reasons given, Tom's long-distance calls from Asheville produced no results. But as soon as he returned to New York and it began to be known that he had left Scribner's, publishers sought him out. The record of three of those who did will be a sufficient refutation of Mr. Burt, although there were more than three who solicited him at this time.

The editor of one house wrote Tom that his principal was unfortunately abroad, but: "I'd be delighted to have an opportunity to meet and talk to you about your future publishing plans. I need hardly say that we are tremendously interested in your work." This last was not just a polite form of approach, for the absent member of the firm had made overtures to Tom shortly after "Look Homeward, Angel" appeared. Tom made his own attitude clear when he did nothing about this letter although it came to him at the moment when he was really looking for a publisher.

Soon afterwards, however, another letter came to him out of the blue and this one pleased him very much. The part this house played at this critical juncture in Thomas Wolfe's affairs was wholly honorable, but I shall adhere to the rule of anonymity for everyone but Scribner's and Harper's and shall call the firm Publisher X.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Tom answered the letter, and then there was a meeting which was the beginning of an interesting situation. I still remember having lunch in October 1937 with an old friend of mine who was a member of Publisher X's staff. He came to it all keyed up, saying there was something tremendous about to happen, so hush-hush that he couldn't speak of it, but that it would soon break in the news and then I would know why he was so excited. Not having any clue, I dismissed it from my mind and gave it no further thought; it was only later that I learned he had been referring to the negotiations then going on with Thomas Wolfe. These negotiations would probably have ended in a contract but for two things that occurred.

TOM had put his manuscripts in a warehouse, in sealed crates, before he went South. When he returned to New York he was still unsettled and left them there. Publisher X, learning of this and being eager to accommodate Tom, persuaded him that his office would be a perfectly safe place for Tom to store his manuscripts; so my friend went with Wolfe over to Brooklyn, where the warehouse was and they got the crates out of storage and took them back to the office. This was a great event and was appropriately celebrated by all hands, but before Tom left, an envelope was given to him and he was told: "Put this in your pocket." Tom did, and promptly forgot about it. When he came on it later he opened and read it. It said in effect that Publisher X was pleased to take charge of Tom's manuscripts, but of course Mr. Wolfe understood that Publisher X could not be responsible for loss or damage in the event of fire, theft, or other circumstances beyond his control. This was a normal business-sort of letter, and from most people it would have evoked no particular reaction. Unfortunately, the person who wrote it had forgotten, or perhaps had never known, that Tom hated lawyers as he hated no other class of people on earth and that any kind of legalistic reasoning outraged his sense of the realities of life. On reading this letter, Tom exploded: "Jesus Christ! These people persuade me to take my manuscripts out of storage where they were safe, and now they say they won't be responsible if anything happens to them!" He gave himself several days to cool off and then went to Publisher X's office and took his crates back to the rooms he had rented in the Chelsea Hotel.

Tom's relations with Publisher X would probably have survived the episode of the manuscripts if it had not been followed by another event. A representative of Publisher X got in touch with Tom's literary agent, Miss Elizabeth Nowell. All of the staff, he said, wanted very much to have Thomas Wolfe on their list, but they were worried about one problem: would they be able to handle Tom? If negotiations were successfully concluded, would Miss Nowell agree, for a fee, to serve as Publisher X's consultant for the problems of Thomas Wolfe? She said no; and, since Max Perkins was now out of the picture and she was Tom's only adviser, she felt duty-bound to tell him about the proposal. Tom's reaction to the news was what one would expect. As he told me afterwards: "Here I had been dealing with them for weeks, only to discover that they were scared of me. I knew then that I was in the wrong church and the wrong pew, and that I had better back out—with no place to go." Even so, Tom took his time about communicating his negative decision to Publisher X. He had developed a great liking for the editor with whom he had been dealing and felt badly about having to disappoint him.

These negotiations had been going on some time before I turned up as a potential editor for Tom. It happened in the following way:

In November of 1937, Bernard De Voto came down to New York from Cambridge and dropped in to see me. He asked whether I had heard the news that Thomas Wolfe had left Scribner's. I said that I had not heard it, and that furthermore I did not believe it. He insisted that he had it on good authority, so I decided to check up by telephoning Miss Nowell.

Miss Nowell was an old friend of my wife and myself, and it so happened that she had been a guest at our house only a short time before; she had said nothing about Wolfe, and I couldn't believe that if any such extraordinary event had occurred she wouldn't have mentioned it. When I got her on the phone and reported my news she exclaimed: "Thank God it's out and I didn't tell you!" I asked her what she meant. She said that Tom had known she was to spend that evening at my house and had asked her not to say anything to me about his publishing problem because of what had happened when he phoned Harper's from Asheville: he would not truckle to anyone, and he did not want to be put in the position of seeming to repeat his overture. I was completely mystified by this and told Miss Nowell I knew nothing about a call from Asheville. "Oh yes," she said, "he phoned you, and you weren't interested." I told her there was something wrong and I didn't know what it was, and I would like to investigate

UNIVERSITY OF
California
PRESS

HERMAN MELVILLE

A Biography by Leon Howard

This is the first full scale biography of Herman Melville to be published in more than thirty years. 354 pages. $5.00

FILM AND ITS TECHNIQUES

by Raymond Spottiswoode

Describes the process of making amateur and professional motion pictures from script to screen. 516 pages. $7.50

THE RISE OF SCIENTIFIC PHILOSOPHY

by Hans Reichenbach

Shows how philosophy has been affected by recent scientific discovery. Written in nontechnical form because, as the author says, "I want to tell everyone what is going on in philosophy." 334 pages. $3.75

ART OF THE NORTHWEST COAST INDIANS

by Robert Bruce Inverarity

Examines the amazingly vital art of an isolated Indian culture, which in some cases is more complicated than our own. 244 pages. 217 illustrations. 7 color plates. $10.00

At your bookstore

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA PRESS
Berkeley 4, California

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and phone her back. After making inquiries around the Harper office, I then learned for the first time of the call Lee Hartman had taken and realized that there had been a misunderstanding at both ends. I gave this information to Miss Nowell and asked her to tell Tom, and to say to him that if he were free and looking for a publisher, I should like to talk to him. This she did, and she arranged a meeting.

I shall never forget my first visit to Tom at the Chelsea. He had a three-room suite, which sounds more magnificent than it was, for the rooms were dark and dingy, but they had the advantage of ceilings high enough so that he ran no risk of bumping his head. The most impressive feature of the suite was the bathroom, which was quite large, with a toilet set on a raised platform: Tom called it "The Throne Room." I took him out to dinner and he talked a steady streak. When we returned to the Chelsea, he started pacing the floor. He peeled off his coat, then his tie, unbuttoned his collar, rolled up his sleeves, and went on pacing back and forth for hours while he talked and talked. That night he told me the whole story of his relations with Max Perkins. In everything he said, and in the way he put it, there was devotion, genuine and unmistakable, for Max. And, just as he repeated himself in his writing, so he did, too, in his speaking. Over and over that night, recurring like a refrain to everything he said, was the reiteration: "No matter what happens, I will always be Max's friend, and I know he will always be mine." He told me of the reasons why he felt he had to leave Scribner's, the principal reason being the one I have already given. But coupled with Tom's explanation of all this, and his obvious grief that it had to be, there was also a certain core of resolution in him that night. It had to be, and he would see it through somehow.

Then he told me of the telephone calls he had made from Asheville that summer to several publishers, and of how they had come to nothing. He told me of the negotiations with Publisher X and the dead-end they had reached. He told me of his plans for future books, and of the reams of manuscript already written. There it all was in several big packing cases, which stood in the middle of the living-room floor so that Tom had to circle them as he paced. This saga of grief, resolution, desperation, and hope went on till five in the morning.

AS I listened to it, the picture came clear. Here was a man of undoubted genius who for reasons of his own had to make a fresh start. Not knowing what I found out later and have here reported about the fruitless telephone calls to publishers, he had come to the desolate conclusion that nobody wanted him. He felt that he was back where he had been at the beginning, before he had written a living line; and what Max called "his tremendous faith in his genius as an obligation put upon him to fulfill" was ebbing fast that night. I think I have never been so profoundly moved as I was by this spectacle of a great man momentarily as alone and frightened as a lost child. He said he was running out of money, and felt he was also out of friends to whom he could turn. There was always Max, of course, but Tom couldn't go back. "You can't go home again" was one of the lessons he had learned from life. That night he needed desperately some immediate and tangible evidence that someone else believed in him, too. Sensing all this, I did something I had no right to do. I was then a junior editor at Harper's, not authorized to make commitments on my own. Throwing caution to the winds, I told Tom how I felt about "Look Homeward, Angel" and "Of Time and the River"; and, to put real meaning in my words, I added that Harper's would pay him $10,000 advance on his next book, sight unseen, if he wanted it.

Looking back on it, I am still rather amazed that I had the courage to do it, for I am ordinarily a cautious sort of chap, not given to leaping at things. Happily for me, it turned out well. The next day when, sleepless, I reported to my superiors what had happened the night before, and with no little uneasiness told them of the pledge I had made in Harper's name, they backed me without hesitation. For this, all praise to two good publishers and great gentlemen: Cass Canfield and the late Eugene F. Saxton. Tom Wolfe never knew I had risked my job for him, but he was never in any doubt that the house of Harper stood behind him.

Here, perhaps, I should explain lest anyone jump to the conclusion that Tom was venal, that my offer of $10,000 served the principal purpose for which it was made and restored Tom's faith in himself. He stopped worrying and began writing again—but he delayed signing the Harper contract. The money was his when he wanted it, but he put off doing the one thing that would make it available, and I did not press him. By now we were seeing each other two or three times a week and we talked about his work in progress, and he began showing me parts of it. I think Tom's hesitation in committing himself was that, like all of us, he hated irrevocable decisions. He did not get around to executing the Harper agreement until December 31. The date is indicative of Tom's fondness for certain symbols. The old year was behind him, and with it the old life and the dear crutch he had leaned on too much. Ahead lay the new year with its challenge. In making the decision, Tom pledged himself to the future, quoting Martin Luther as he wrote his sprawling signature on the legal document: "Ich kann nichts anders"—"This, and this only, can I do."

In final refutation of Mr. Burt I am pleased to be able to say that when, a year later, with Tom dead and his manuscripts still unpublished, I gave Max the full details of all this, telling him how and why I had made the offer to Tom, he smiled his shy, warm smile and said simply: "You did the right thing." That moment marked the beginning of my close association with Maxwell Evarts Perkins, not only the greatest editor of our time, but a very great man.

University of Pittsburgh Press

second printing

A WESTERN JOURNAL

by Thomas Wolfe

including 3 facsimile pages

$3.00

The last diary of Thomas Wolfe, written in the summer of 1938 just before Wolfe died. A WESTERN JOURNAL is here published for the first time in its entirety.

University of Pittsburgh Press
Pittsburgh 13, Pa.

SELECT THE BEST BOOKS AT A SAVING

FREE 128-page CATALOG

Make your own selections from the best books of all publishers and save money. New 1958 annual catalog lists latest best sellers and old favorites in fiction and non-fiction. We have served individuals, schools and libraries since 1897. Write today for FREE 1958 catalog.

THE BOOK SUPPLY COMPANY Dept. 28
564-566 West Monroe St., Chicago 6, Ill.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONAL HISTORY

(*Continued from page 32*)

subjects were frowned upon at table, yet in the gatherings on the porch after supper there was gentle laughter and each child was listened to along with the elders, and the elders as well as the children knew how to listen.

Stark Young's book is openly laced with remembrances of gracious Southern living. It is a story of a gentleness and consideration and a knowledge of living inbred and nurtured and handed down as a delightful heritage to sons and daughters, some of whom have not themselves forgotten the days of which Stark Young speaks. From an old and time-dimmed notebook he prods the picture of a small boy gazing spellbound at the exhibits in an international art show in Chicago about the turn of the century. The picture recalls the aunt who took him. The aunt recalls other aunts and maidenly cousins and uncles. One instance brings on another until the faraway memory of a ten-year-old boy encompasses a forever gone span of time in which the characters in actuality of "So Red the Rose" move across the pages of reminiscence. There is the same Hugh McGehee who in "So Red the Rose" owned a thousand Negroes near Natchez. He was actually Hugh McGehee and he actually owned the thousand slaves. There is Miss Mary Cherry who had the glass eye that forever stared balefully at you, and there actually was a Cud'n Mary Cherry with a glass eye. Whatever else may be said of "The Pavilion" it is the background from which "So Red the Rose" is taken.

To those who wish to absorb their reading along with their vitamin pills, buy a cut version of something that can be paged through while you shave; to those who read for the pure enjoyment of reading, who love the gentle budding of precisely turned ideas in the effortless style of which Stark Young has long been master, there is a treat in store in "The Pavilion."

Personal History Notes

WISCONSIN MY HOME. By Erna Oleson Xan. As told by her mother Thurine Oleson. University of Wisconsin Press. $3.75. A year after the close of the American Civil War, Mathis and Thorild Olson and their seven children set out on their nine-weeks' journey from Telemarken, Norway, to Winchester, Wisconsin. An eighth child, through her own daughter, here becomes the chronicler of the family's experiences. The narrative is of value alike for its representativeness and for its particularities, and especially for its pictures of the farm home and farming life of the period. The chapter on the church contains an entertaining account of the *splittelse* which divided the congregation into conservative and liberal wings and brought about the erection of a brand-new edifice close enough to the old one so that each faction could hear the other singing. Mrs. Xan sets down her mother's story so appealingly and so competently that one can even forgive her for citing the details of the fabrication of fruit soup —a "supper dish" which sounds positively appalling but to which the Olesons were, and probably still are, devoted. —JOHN T. WINTERICH.

I HAD TO KNOW. By Gladys Baker. Appleton-Century-Crofts. $3. In her long career as foreign correspondent, the author of this vivacious autobiography interviewed kings, dictators, opera stars, and world-famous writers. A Southern society belle of distinguished family, she had broken with leisure-class tradition to achieve professional success here and abroad. Despite the aura of international glamor and the friendships with the great and near-great, she knew no interior happiness. From childhood days she sought a faith to live by, exploring in her quest the religions and cults of East and West. In interviewing a celebrity, she looked for the touchstone of his spiritual life, hoping to find eternal values for her own. She discussed Christian Science with Lady Astor, spiritualism with Lady Conan Doyle, psychiatry with Adler, Jung, and Freud, Christianity with Chesterton, Shaw, and Bertrand Russell. Following a circuitous and often elusive trail, she found in Catholicism the peace that she had been searching for.

Readers who are more interested in the secular than in the religious aspects of Miss Baker's story will especially enjoy her dramatic chapters on Kemal Ataturk and Mussolini. Her beauty won her scoop interviews with both dictators. In fact, Kemal, who entertained the beautiful journalist in oriental magnificence, remained permanently inaccessible to all other correspondents. Miss Baker draws unique and intimate portraits of the two men, as well as of Monsignor (now Bishop) Fulton J. Sheen, through whose guidance she entered the Church. No reader of this honest and spirited apologia can fail to be moved by the author's courageous fight against hypoproteinemia, the mysterious disease that laid her low when she was at the peak of worldly happiness. —ANN F. WOLFE.

"20th Century Literature in America"

a new series

FICTION

THE MODERN NOVEL IN AMERICA, 1900-1950

By Frederick J. Hoffman

Starting with Henry James and the art of fiction, this critical survey traces the progress of the American novel. The author shows that most American novelists—from Theodore Dreiser to John Steinbeck—have been more interested in life than Jamesian art. It has only been in the last few years that novelists are once again coming to realize fully the importance of technique. Among other authors discussed in detail are Ellen Glasgow, Willa Cather, F. Scott Fitzgerald, Ernest Hemingway and William Faulkner. Bibliography and index. $3.00

DRAMA

FIFTY YEARS OF AMERICAN DRAMA, 1900-1950

By Alan S. Downer

Within the short span of fifty years the American theater has moved from the boisterous clichés of light melodrama to a serious art form of true American origin and inspiration. When did this move toward genuine American drama begin? How has it developed? Where does American drama stand today?

Alan Downer's excellent appraisal of the American theater starts with the melodramas of Clyde Fitch and shows how early serious works, such as William Vaughan Moody's *The Great Divide* and Eugene O'Neill's *Beyond the Horizon* were to make possible the later finish and sophistication of a Tennessee Williams or an Arthur Miller. Bibliography and index. $2.50

POETRY

ACHIEVEMENT IN AMERICAN POETRY, 1900-1950

By Louise Bogan

American poetry in 1900, says Louise Bogan, poet and critic of *The New Yorker*, was imitative, sentimental and "genteel." The subsequent struggle of the poet to establish himself as a serious creative artist has been achieved only against severe handicaps. Along with a discussion of foreign influences, the importance of public reaction, and the role of the "little magazines" on the development of American poetry, Miss Bogan presents sharply drawn studies of thirty or so individual poets, from Ezra Pound and Edward Arlington Robinson through Carl Sandburg and Amy Lowell to Wallace Stevens and W. H. Auden. A selected anthology of modern American poetry completes this work. Bibliography and index. $2.50

Also coming

Three subsequent volumes, to be published in Spring, 1952, on Non-Fiction, Short Fiction and Criticism will complete this series. Additional information will be sent on request.

At Your Bookstore, or Write To:

HENRY REGNERY COMPANY

20 West Jackson Blvd., Chicago 4, Illinois

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HOT WORDS ON CAPITOL HILL

(*Continued from page* 15)

can be sued for defamation of character for anything he says on the floor or in a committee hearing, or chooses, with the permission of his colleagues, to insert in the *Congressional Record.* Furthermore, Mr. Justice Frankfurter, in his Supreme Court opinion in the very recent case of Tenney *v. Branhove,* makes it clear that "even the claim of an unworthy purpose does not destroy the privilege" and that a court cannot inquire into the motives of legislators. Under the Constitution, Secretary Chapman actually had no legal way of securing redress for the insults spoken by Senator Schoeppel; and no citizen, whatever his position, has any recourse in the courts if a Representative "scandalizes his name" during a debate. It is not astonishing that unscrupulous legislators have felt safe in making the most outrageous accusations, even when they could not be substantiated. Within the past two years this immunity has served as a covering shield for Senators who prefer invective to argument. More than once the victim of Congressional billingsgate has retaliated by inflicting bodily punishment on his denunciator. But here again the offending legislator is entitled to invoke the doctrine of constitutional immunity.

Even though the danger of encroachment by the Executive on Congress has never been seriously regarded, it is still claimed that the immunity of Congressmen from arrest is desirable, if only because when a member is absent his district is left unrepresented. Jefferson in his "Manual" declared that "when a Representative is withdrawn from his seat by summons . . . the people whom he represents lose their voice in debate and vote, as they do on his voluntary absence." Authorities seem to agree that a constituency is entitled to be represented by the member of its choice, no matter how unworthy or obnoxious he may appear to other sections of the country. If any district is itself dissatisfied, it has its remedy at the next election, but unhappily more than one constituency has sent to Washington year after year a Representative who has done it little credit. This theory places on the shoulders of individual Congressmen a responsibility for their personal behavior in a body which reflects the manners and customs of the nation. With most high-minded men the fact that they are entitled to claim immunity should make them all the more accountable for what they do and say.

It is also maintained that any restriction on debate necessarily hampers the complete freedom of speech which should characterize an open discussion of public business and is therefore essential to the rights of the people. On this question critics have frequently pointed out the difference between the vigorous presentation of an argument and the savage ejaculation of venom. Representative Celler, of New York, was recently quoted as declaring that "it ought to be against the law for a statesman to get away, libel proof, with calling citizens dirty names merely by having his remarks inserted in the *Congressional Record.*" It is a dubious freedom which permits a legislator to use Congress as a sounding board for statements which he would not dare to utter at a Rotary Club luncheon or over the "Town Hall of the Air." It may well be doubted whether making an orator legally responsible for his words would weaken his cogency as a debater.

IN CASES of gross misconduct Congress is not helpless, for under Article I, Section 5, of our Constitution it is provided that each house may determine its own rules, punish its members for disorderly behavior, and with the concurrence of two-thirds expel one of its own number. Thus either branch could, if it so desired, control or eject any offensive speaker. Practically, however, both houses have been either indifferent or tolerant. In 1798, when Matthew Lyon, of Vermont, spat in the face of Roger Griswold, of Connecticut, the House refused to take extreme measures; and three days later, when Griswold assaulted Lyon with a stout cane and Lyon retaliated with the tongs from the fireplace as his weapon, the two brawlers were not even censured. Even in the most extreme instances, such as the killing of Representative Jonathan Cilley by Representative William J. Graves in a duel and the vicious attack by Congressman Preston S. Brooks on the defenseless Senator Charles Sumner, Congress took no drastic action. Interchanges of blows take place, of course, during nearly every session; and recently when two veteran Congressmen, Cannon, of Missouri, and Phillips, of California, staged a brief but bloody

—*Justus in* The Minneapolis Star.

"Well Done, Good and Faithful Servant."

fist fight in the corridor of the House, the combat was considered by their colleagues as a joke. Congress has never really been severe except when actuated by political motives.

A legislative body which in times past has not been too much concerned when its members have been maimed, like Senator Sumner, or killed, like Representative Cilley, is unlikely to be very much disturbed over ordinary vituperation, especially when the victim is an outsider. Moreover, American men and women in public life accept personal abuse as their uncomfortable but inevitable lot and, whether they are aldermen or Cabinet members, seldom think of making it the basis for legal proceedings. No believer in our traditional democracy would wish to have his Congressman deprived of whatever liberty of speech and action is essential to his duties as the voice of public opinion. It is important that even those with whom we violently disagree should be unhindered in expressing themselves fearlessly on controversial subjects. If a private citizen or a Senator disapproves of the conduct or policies of even the highest official in Washington, he should not be blocked from saying so. This should be axiomatic in what we call "the land of the free." But many people, including well-known members of Congress, would prefer to have this done through argument and deplore the fact that freedom so often degenerates into license. The calling of names never settled any dispute.

It is understandable, although perhaps not excusable, that legislators, inflamed by passion or righteous indignation, should be unable in the heat of a debate to refrain from insulting an opponent. Senator Sumner, supposedly the embodiment of New

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

England culture, exhausted the vocabulary of invective in denouncing the apologists for Negro slavery. Those who lament the supposed loss of dignity in our national legislative tribunal will find little comfort in studying the Good Old Days. Personal scurrility has dotted the pages of the *Congressional Record* ever since the days of John Randolph and Thomas H. Benton. It was James G. Blaine who, in 1866, jeered at Roscoe Conkling's "haughty disdain, his grandiloquent swell, his majestic, supereminent, overpowering, turkey-gobbler strut," when the latter was facing him in the House. But this frontal abuse, although deplorable, is quite different from berating a victim who is not present to retaliate and cannot even legally call his traducer to account for loose talk. If a Senator asserts that another Senator, sitting in the same chamber, is "disloyal," he must risk the consequences in the form of indignant denial or counter charges or even of possible attempted chastisement. But if the same Senator makes precisely the same allegations against a newspaper columnist or a college professor, the latter is virtually helpless.

IN HIS concurring opinion in the significant case of Tenney *v.* Brandhove already mentioned, Mr. Justice Black has admitted that "legislative assemblies, born to defend the liberties of the people, have at times violated their sacred trusts and become the instruments of oppression." He was thinking especially of the shortcomings of legislative committees, but his words are applicable also to other cases in which the doctrine of Congressional immunity places respectable, law-abiding, and well-intentioned people in an embarrassing position. If members of Congress, aware and proud of the origin and value of their privileges, felt a corresponding responsibility for their utterances, the situation would rectify itself. As things are, an honored public servant like General Marshall is at the mercy of any demagogue, and may be as badly off as if he lived in a totalitarian state, where denunciation is accepted as evidence of guilt.

It has been suggested that many of the reasons for the inclusion of Article I, Section 6, in the Federal Constitution are now obsolete. Yet from a practical aspect its repeal, even if it were altogether desirable, would be a tedious and vexatious process, which would certainly be opposed on broad grounds by a large majority of our legislators and could never secure the approval of three-fourths of the several states. Either house, if it chose to

The answer to the charge in
last week's SRL that George Kennan
"advocates nothing better than
rational acceptance of calamity"
in our international relations,
will be found on page 102 of

American Diplomacy
1900-1950
AND THE CHALLENGE OF SOVIET POWER

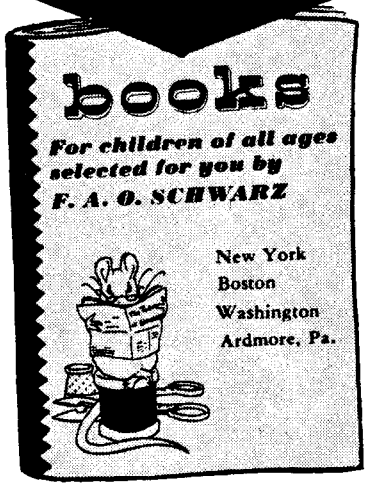
By GEORGE F. KENNAN. The "Mr. X" who wrote the provocative article, *The Sources of Soviet Conduct*. $2.75.
THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS.

Have the thrill
of your life
with this new
nationwide
best seller

THE CRUEL SEA

by NICHOLAS MONSARRAT
$4.00 at all bookstores
Over 200,000 Copies in Print
A Book-of-the-Month Club Selection
ALFRED • A • KNOPF, *Publisher*

BEST WAY
TO BUY
CHRISTMAS BOOKS
FOR SMALL FRY



Selections by America's Most Famous Toy Store with titles grouped according to ages, subjects, special interests. Orders mailed postage-free in the U.S.

FAO SCHWARZ

----- BROWSE AT HOME THE EASY WAY: SEND THIS COUPON OFF TODAY! ----- LIT

F. A. O. SCHWARZ, 745 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 22, N.Y.
Gentlemen: Please send 1951 Catalog of BOOKS to
NAME_____
STREET_____
CITY_____ STATE_____

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

do so, could in some degree control the situation; and there is evidence that some of the more sportsmanlike Senators who have been trained in fair play would like to find a device for curbing their less scrupulous colleagues. It is inconceivable that either of the two Senators from Massachusetts would resort to invective as a complement to debate. The matter is basically one of good manners and good taste, and, as such, difficult to control by regulation. Furthermore there are circumstances which make even gentlemen sympathize with Dr. Samuel Johnson when he said of a Whig politician: "Sir, I called him a rascal once, and I call him a rascal still!"

I have presented the problem, not because I feel that it can readily be resolved, but because I suspect that it may not be sufficiently understood. For most ordinary Americans the issue may seem to be remote; yet if any one of us were to be described as "a front man for traitors," under circumstances where the charge received wide publicity and he could not call his accuser to account, he might be rather more sensitive. Secretary Chapman was fortunate in being able to secure an immediate Congressional investigation and have his good name cleared. General Marshall, with his reputation, can afford to disregard slander. Actually, however, the only means of securing relief from what is always a potential menace is through the verdict of public opinion.

This public opinion, in spite of emotional and impulsive first reactions, usually has a sense of fair play. In the long run the traducer, however protected by the Constitution, will defeat himself. The silent disapproval of legislative bodies themselves may help to correct the current evils. When Senator McCarthy recently erupted a sixty-thousand word diatribe against General Marshall, even his own party colleagues withdrew and he was left at one time with only three listeners on the floor. The generally high plane of the Congressional hearings on General MacArthur's dismissal has been universally gratifying. After all, the best restraint is that which legislators set for themselves, and it is always possible for even the most aggressive debaters to keep the discussion within the bounds of decency. Probably a large majority of American citizens do not in their hearts approve the misuse of the immunity clause as a cover for malicious attack on others not equally shielded. If their influence makes itself felt, nothing else is needed.

The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER ALBUM NUMBER NUMBER OF RECORDS	*Recording Technique, Surface* ENGINEERING	PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT
HANDEL		
HANDEL: "ISRAEL IN EGYPT." Choir and Orch. of Handel Soc. of England, Goehr; Elsie Morison, Marg. Kalmus, Donald Lea, Stanley Riley, Richard Lewis, Marjorie Thomas. Handel Society HDL 1 (2)		▶ Two utterly unlike works from the new Handel Society (compounded of Vox and Concert Hall), both great in their respective areas. "Israel," the most intensely dramatic and some think the greatest of oratorios, is done almost entirely in double chorus, a handful of solo arias here and there for contrast; the earlier sections, enumerating and ingeniously describing the plagues, are carefully but rather tamely done here, the humor-horror ("there came all manner of flies and lice . . .") unfocused as though these were a set of unrelated concert pieces; the big moments ("I will sing unto the Lord") similarly lack some force. But in the ultra-dramatic last part, chorus piled on chorus, the excitement carries the singers away and the furious exclamations ("the horse and his rider hath He cast into the sea"), the great hymns of triumph, are stunning. Recording, with small forces, is acoustically too dead—this is no chamber work; otherwise excellent.
HANDEL: "ACIS AND GALATEA." Margaret Ritchie, Richard Lewis, Wm. Herbert, Trevor Anthony; Choir and Orch. Handel Soc. of England, Goehr. Handel Society HDL 2 (3)		▶ "Acis" is a leisurely set of pastoral concert arias about a classic plot, the Shepherd-lover turned into a fountain, which blossoms at the end into a movingly beautiful series of quiet solos and choruses reminiscent of Purcell's "Dido." Here the solos count; chorus is a framework, in Italian manner. Four good British soloists make this a fine collection of unhurried "airs" (don't play 'em all at once) that confirm Handel's genius for this intimate, uncomplicated form of music. Aspiring vocalists should look to this graceful score for novelties!
HANDEL: "DETTINGEN TE DEUM." Chancel Choir, Nat. Presbyterian Church, Nat. Gallery Orch., Bales; Katharine Hansel, Rachel Koerner, Geo. Barritt, Harold Ronk. WCFM LP-6		▶ Still another aspect of Handel—magnificent, big-Baroque celebration music, complete with high trumpets. A stunning work of the type, richly Bach-like, but with the elegance and display that Handel could muster for his royalty. Some interesting absorptions of Purcell here too—Handel's canny sense for the British temper! The Nat. Gallery Orch. is excellent this time, more polished and accurate than in earlier discs. Solo trumpet (L. Geisler) is perfection; vocal solos, modestly good, are at choir distance, a good idea for balance; the liveness and depth are excellent. Vigorous choral singing, less polished, more clean-cut than Handel Society above. A top Handel disc.
HANDEL: "ODE FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY" (Dryden). Rudolph Lamy Choir, Berlin Radio Symphony, Rother; Lore Hoffman, Walter Ludwig. Urania URLP 7023		▶ Handel in German—the Siegfriedian tenor, the lack of that peculiar stiff British grace and reticence (so well expressed in the Dryden English which belongs here) point up Handel's astonishing Britishness! As uncomfortable as Wagner in English. This praise of "Harmony" shows another Handel: the contemplative aria with solo instrumental obbligato, *à la* Bach, combined with chorale-like chorus passages. A fierce German performance, enthusiastic but lacking delicacy, recorded in a confused, ultra-live way, the sound too often verging on distortion. (Lore Hoffman's soprano is lovely.)
BYRD		
BYRD: MASS FOR FOUR VOICES. Fleet Street Choir, T. B. Lawrence. London LPS 301 (*See also Mass for 5 voices.*)		▶ The splendid, fluid, expressive music of the Palestrina era in its special British coloring, as distinctive as the Spanish of Victoria. Both records show Britain's enviable ease in the pure choral medium. The larger Fleet St. group, trained but admirably homogeneous, sings with beautiful pitch, fine, easy breathing; some parts are a bit metrical and dynamic curves are rather too lyric for the text rhythms; even so, excellent singing. The Nonesuch Singers, small group of solos, are quite extraordinary; superficially a less appealing sound but continued listening makes their reserved performance a delight. (The Fleet Street Choir also sings this work on LPS 372.)
BYRD: MASS FOR FIVE VOICES. Nonesuch Singers, R. D. Smith. Allegro Alg 3021		

—EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bookmarks

"A MASS of footnotes and scholarly paraphernalia," writes Dr. James Bryant Conant in "Science and Common Sense" (a book without footnotes), "is discouraging to the student and the general public." It has long been our hope that some device for making the footnote palatable may yet be perfected. Fewer footnotes would help, and they could easily be made fewer. The most egregious of footnotes, it seems to us, are those which merely corroborate readily acceptable factual statements. If a biographer says "Millard Fillmore was born February 7, 1800," the reader does not demand supporting documentation. Too much current footnoting seems to be purely defensive, as if the footnoter were trying to prove that he was neither lazy nor dishonest.

* * *

It was disheartening to read obituaries of Bouck White which played up the fatuous flag-burning incident and made no mention of his authorship of "The Book of Daniel Drew," which merits a place on any roster of essential nineteenth-century Americana. Narrated ostensibly by the old pirate himself, "The Book of Daniel Drew" combines the self-dissection of fiction with the detachment of scholarship. The technique was not adopted as a stunt; it suited the Drew personality perfectly. A lesser talent could have botched the job hopelessly, but White managed the thing superbly. He deserves well of posterity.

* * *

Take voice exercises, urges Clyde Matthews in "So You Want to Be a Model!," and goes into detail:

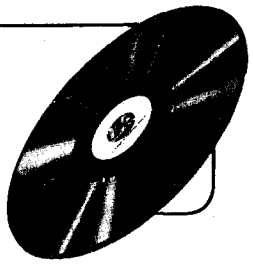
> Consolidate your gains by giving your new skill a workout in the melodious medium of poetry. . . . Read the poems aloud slowly and in full, clear tones, particularly those with a strong, emotional quality. Edgar Allan Poe's poems are especially good, notably "The Bells."

They're good all right, but we should recommend "Annabel Lee" and "To Helen" as warmups. "The Bells" ought to be held in reserve as a reducing regimen.

* * *

"Only the women preserve culture in the U.S.A.," says Oliver St. John Gogarty in a little collection of miscellaneous papers called "Intimations." "Any trace of it that reaches the men reaches them through women." Just like hemophilia. —J. T. W.

CONCERT HALL SOCIETY
INVITES YOU TO ACCEPT THIS
Special Introductory Offer
..THIS LONG-PLAYING RECORD



Only $1.00
(WORTH $4.50 RETAIL)

BEETHOVEN Piano Concerto No. 2 in B-flat
OR
MOZART Piano Concerto No. 11 in F

HERE is an extraordinary opportunity for music lovers! We will send you your choice of either one of these delightful concertos, each superbly performed IN FULL by the brilliant pianist Artur Balsam and the Concert Hall Symphony Orchestra. Both are high fidelity, Long-Playing (33⅓ R.P.M.) recordings—yet you may have either one for only one dollar!

We make this special offer to demonstrate the remarkable quality of Concert Hall high-fidelity recordings. We will also send our free brochure telling how you can obtain our new series of recordings available nowhere else at any price!

Membership Limited to 3000

Only 3,000 members can own these limited-edition recordings; and right now only 565 subscriptions are still available. The whole interesting story is told in our free brochure, which we will send with the LONG-PLAYING record described above. Simply enclose one dollar with the coupon. If not delighted with the record, return it in five days and your dollar will be cheerfully refunded.

Concert Hall Society, Inc. A39
507 West 56th St., New York 19, N. Y.

I enclose $1. Please send me the high fidelity LONG-PLAYING record checked below. If not delighted, I may return it in 5 days for refund of my dollar. Also send, free, your brochure describing the new 1952 series of Limited Edition recordings.

BEETHOVEN ☐ ☐ **MOZART**

(This special offer good only in U.S.A. and Canada)

Name.....
(Please Print Plainly)
Address.....
City..... Zone..... State.....

UNESCO
Publications

Publications of direct appeal to all whose interests extend beyond their own national frontiers . . .

Publications for those interested in the arts . . .

Publications of particular appeal to teachers and students . . .

Specialist and technical publications for:

EDUCATORS • PRESS, FILM, RADIO EXPERTS • PUBLISHERS AND LITERARY AGENTS • MUSEUMS • ADVERTISING SPECIALISTS • LIBRARIES • SCIENTISTS (INCLUDING SOCIAL SCIENCE)

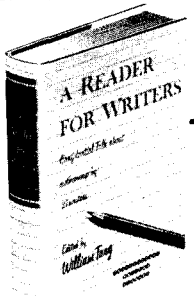
U. S. DISTRIBUTOR:
COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS
2960 BROADWAY, N. Y. 27
A POST-CARD STATING INTERESTS WILL BRING REGULAR DETAILS.

UNESCO

19, avenue Kléber, Paris, France
TRADE INQUIRIES WELCOMED

Don't Miss

Special SRL Issue October 13th, "America and the Partnership With Britain"



The lowdown on how writers write

A READER FOR WRITERS

Edited by WILLIAM TARG

TWENTY-SEVEN top authors — from Ben Jonson to Paul Gallico — reveal professional secrets of how they write, talk shop about agents and editors, style, and financial rewards. For instance, Sinclair Lewis tells about breaking into print; Poe, Stevenson, Edith Wharton and James T. Farrell discuss the genesis of their famous works; Saroyan takes you behind the scenes of an author's life; and George Eliot writes humorously of pests who bother authors. A confidential anthology with many practical hints for writers — as appealing as Somerset Maugham's *The Summing Up* to the general reader.

$3.50 at all bookstores, or
HERMITAGE HOUSE
8 West 13th Street, New York 11

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE FINE ARTS

THE KAROLIK COLLECTION AT BOSTON

ONE OF THE most courageous and imaginative collections of paintings ever formed in this country is being opened to the public on October 3 at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, and will be on view in its entirety for a minimum period of five years. This is the M. and M. Karolik Collection of American Paintings, 1815-1865, assembled by Maxim Karolik and his late wife, and presented by them to the Boston Museum in 1948. An extremely sumptuous catalogue of the collection has been published* in connection with the opening, and even those who share my prejudice against collotype will concede that 233 illustrations, the majority of them full-page, are very fine.

From now on no one can study seriously nineteenth-century American painting without knowing this collection and its catalogue. The plan of the collection is simple, though this fact should not for a moment obscure its perceptive daring. Realizing that the earlier nineteenth-century painters in this country had been overshadowed by brilliant predecessors like Copley and by later giants like Homer, Eakins, and Ryder, Mr. and Mrs. Karolik decided to find out what really had happened to our art during the fifty years, so extraordinarily energetic in other fields of national achievement, which preceded the close of the Civil War.

In all fairness it must be admitted that the Karoliks were not alone—nor the first—in believing that something more important, varied, and exciting than generally supposed *must* have happened in native painting during those fifty years. Ever since roughly 1935, with growing conviction, a few of our museum curators have been re-exploring the pre-Civil War period. Artists like Washington Allston, George Caleb Bingham, Thomas Cole, George Inness, Eastman Johnson, Samuel Finley Morse, William Sidney Mount, and John Quidor have been presented in considerable detail by museum exhibitions, with accompanying catalogues. Moreover, some dealers have been alert to a rising interest in early-century romantic and realist currents in native painting which modern taste, preoccupied with formal order, had intended to ignore or condemn. Only a few years ago, for instance, a New York gallery published a monograph on Martin Johnson Heade, whom Dorothy Miller of the Museum of Modern Art had rediscovered, and who is now a star attraction of the Karolik Collection, being represented by no less than twenty-six works. Oddly enough—but indisputably—more interesting figures from our artistic past have been exhumed by people concerned with contemporary art than by those wholly engaged in earlier fields.

But no matter how much preliminary research had been done by professional art historians, it took decided flair for Mr. and Mrs. Karolik to form the collection now at Boston. The remarkable quality of the collection is, I imagine, due to three admirable precepts that guided its owners. To begin with, the Karoliks disregarded the weight of established names and were not afraid to include artists about whom little or nothing was remembered or was likely to be unearthed. As Mr. Karolik puts the matter in an engaging letter printed in the catalogue: "We discarded the motto of the fashionable connoisseur, 'Tell me who the painter is and I will tell you whether the painting is good.' Our motto was, 'Tell me whether the painting is good and I will not care who the painter is' . . ." This premise accounts for the presence of some of the most appealing pictures in the show, among them J. S. Blunt's "Boston Harbor," Mrs. Robert Carter's "Napoleon's Army Crossing the Alps," John F. Francis's "Three Children," C. Giroux's "Cotton Plantation," and A. L. von Wittkamp's "Black Cat" on a Chair" (see illustration). We would not be surprised if in such a large collection a few dark horses ran neck and neck with the favorites. More than a few do so, and one can only admire the perspicacity of those who recognized their stamina.

The second principle of selection is not mentioned in Mr. Karolik's letter, but must certainly have been operative. This is, that in choosing works by painters whose names have survived in most of the histories, recent and old, the collectors seem often to have found pictures that transcend their authors' usual gifts. Take, for example, the case of Albert Bierstadt. Bierstadt's fame, once very great indeed, was founded on his panoramic views of the Rocky Mountains country, to which he first went as a member of the Lander expedition of 1858. These pictures gave to thousands of Easterners a detailed image of the West, with its immense romantic attraction. There are several such pictures in the Karolik Collection. Tightly painted and mostly composed after seventeenth-century models, they are perhaps to be regarded more highly as documents than as works of art; often they merely shift the scenery of the earlier Hudson River School without deepening its dramatic meaning. But also included in the Boston show are paintings by Bierstadt like the "Fishing Boats at Capri" (see illustration) and "St. Lawrence River from the Citadel, Quebec," that bring to light a quite different artist—broader in handling, richer in tonal range, far less conventional in structural plan. Similarly, in choosing works by the still underestimated painter, Eastman Johnson, the Karoliks selected two works (out of a total of three) whose appeal is both unusual and memorable. "The Letter Home," representing a man dictating a letter in a woodland glade, is singularly intense in its pathos, reminding one of the early Courbet. Yet if this picture is notable primarily for its emotional impact, the one called "Winnowing Grain" on the contrary testifies to Johnson's skilled solution of a more purely technical problem—how to illustrate the action of sunlight on grains of corn poured from an inverted bowl. Considered together, these two Johnsons make evident the Karoliks' sensitivity both to illustrative aspects of genre painting that exceed the sentimental and to painterly qualities which this art's insistent subject matter often disguises.

A third guiding precept in the collection's formation, this time again openly acknowledged in Mr. Karolik's letter, is that the best so-called "primitive" artists were accepted as the peers of their trained colleagues. "To me," Mr. Karolik writes, "the Primitives—from the early Italians to the present day—are often fascinating in their technical artlessness, which is probably one cause of their appearing so genuine and so winning." This sort

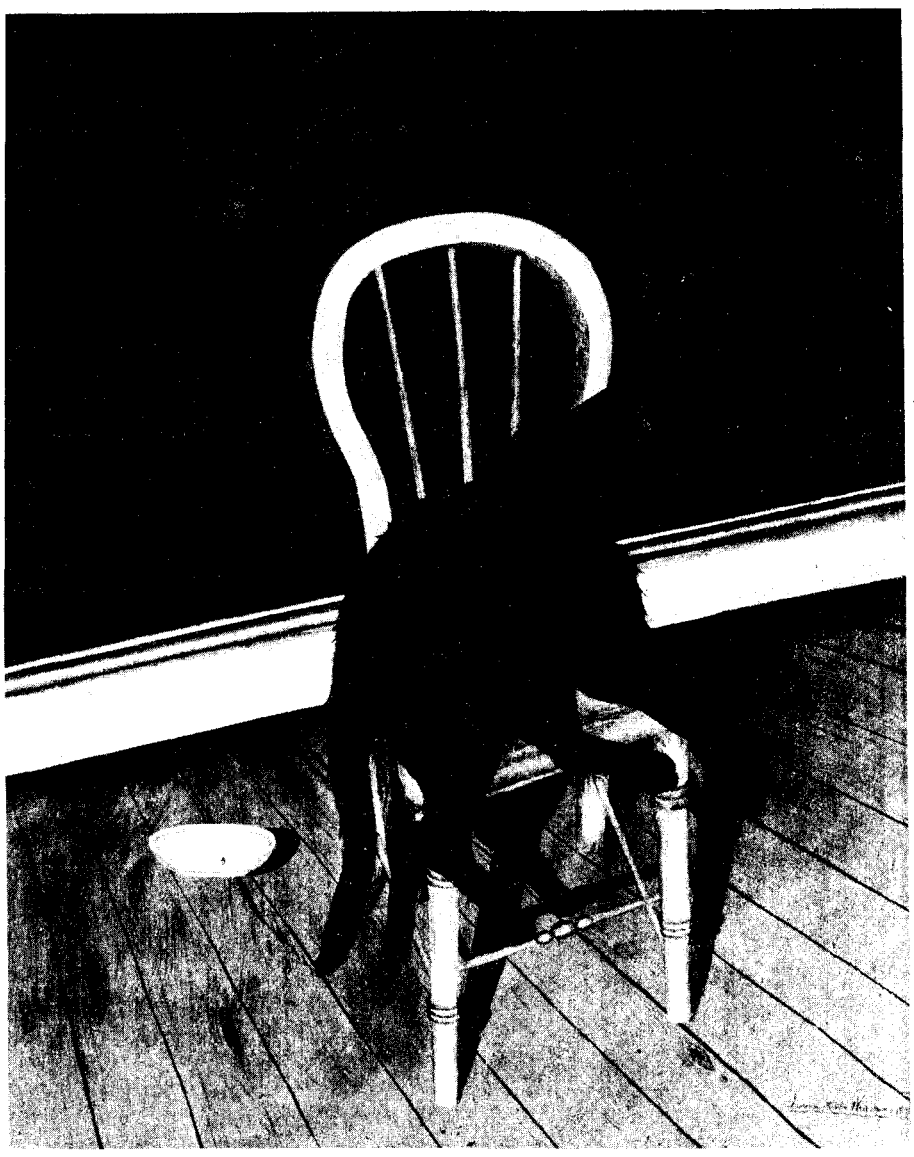
M. and M. Karolik Collection of American Paintings, 1815-1865. Boston: The Museum of Fine Arts, in association with the Harvard University Press, Cambridge, Mass. $25.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

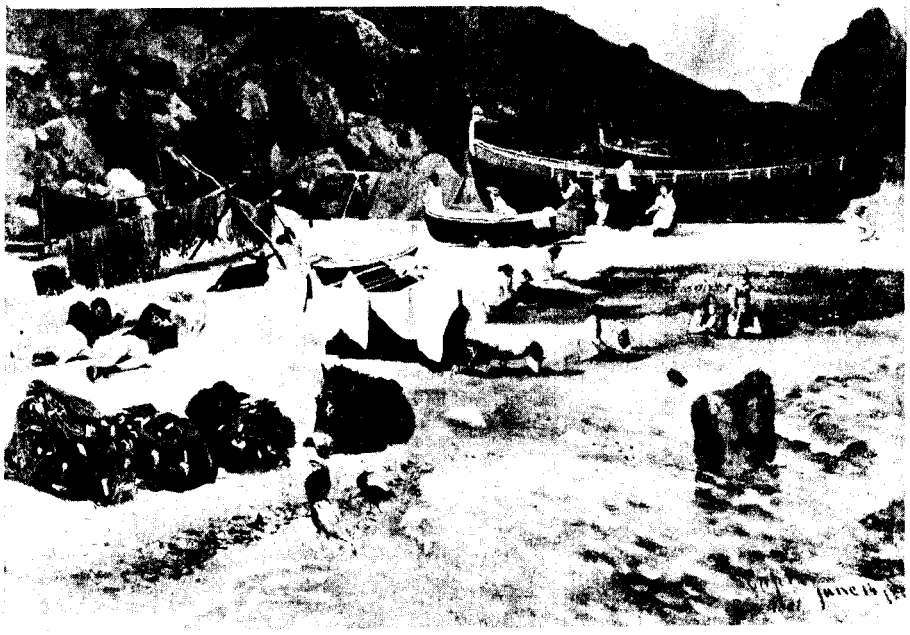
of tolerance and understanding is especially welcome at the present time, when primitivism in art is more and more often decried, particularly if living painters are involved. I don't understand why anyone should feel that the only adequate expiation for having dared to paint, untrained, is to have died a long time ago. But some people do feel that way, and the academicians are sometimes vociferous in their denunciation of self-taught, living painters. Perhaps the Karolik Collection, with its fine array of nineteenth-century "primitives," will serve to remind us again that skill is not the whole essence of art, that emotion and vision, if profoundly felt, can be communicated effectively in halting no less than fluent phrases.

An additional virtue of the Karolik Collection is that it provides so comprehensive a survey of the earlier landscape tradition in our painting. Beginning with Washington Allston's "Landscape with a Lake" of 1804, it moves on to the work of the first generation of whole-hearted enthusiasts for nature which included Blunt, Cole, Doughty, Durand, and Fitz Hugh Lane. (Samuel Finley Morse's name might be added to the group; he was one of the best painters of his day, but not so exclusively preoccupied with landscape as the others.) This generation, its members born around 1800, established landscape as a major theme for American artists, breaking the reign of portraiture which previously had been only fitfully interrupted. Its members had a religious veneration for nature and produced many admirable pictures. Yet, qualitatively speaking, an improvement seems to have occurred when their all-out piety was modified in the direction of idiosyncratic lyricism by artists of the succeeding generation. I think especially of Heade, an extremely sensitive painter. I think as well of the two Harts, James and William, though they are scarcely in the same class; of Inness, Kensett, and Whittredge, who are. There was some remarkable landscape painting achieved here during the Sixties, Seventies, and Eighties, and we are only beginning to know how much of it there is. The Karolik Collection, which rightly includes later works by men already active at the end of the Civil War, increases our knowledge to a great extent. It is indeed, as noted at the beginning, a primary source for the study of nineteenth-century American painting as a whole. The Boston Museum is to be congratulated on having encouraged the formation of a collection as bold in conception as it is impressive in quality.

—James Thrall Soby.



"Black Cat on a Chair," by Andrew L. von Wittkamp.



—*Reproductions by courtesy the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.*

"Fishing Boats at Capri," by Albert Bierstadt.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Glimpses of a Remote Epoch

HAN TOMB ART OF WEST CHINA. By Richard C. Rudolph and Wen Yu. Berkeley: University of California Press. 100 *pp.* $8.50.

By Horace H. F. Payne

WAR, with its quick creation of rubble piles and scattered potsherds is more often the ally of future generations of archeologists than of those of the present. Yet it must be recognized that on occasion the frontiers of archeology have been notably advanced as a by-product of man's conflicts. Egyptology is, of course, the classic example, for had it not been for Napoleon's campaigns in the valley of the Nile, this branch of the dusty science might well still be in its infancy.

The present volume on Han Tomb Art of West China provides another example, of less magnitude perhaps, but nonetheless possessing creditable brilliance. Had not the Sino-Japanese war forced many fine sholars to take refuge in the westerly province of Szechuan, our knowledge of the antiquities of the ancient kingdom of Shu would have remained confined to a few passing references in travelers' books and general archeological surveys. But it turned out that many a competent student of antiquity found a haven in the pleasant but rather inaccessible provincial capital of Chengtu—the Peking of West China—or in its neighborhood, and some of these with alert minds and energetic natures banded together to undertake a surprising number of fruitful studies in this archeologically rich area. Tombs were excavated ranging in date from Han through the Tang and Sung dynasties.

The Han Dynasty tomb carvings of about 200 A.D. particularly received early attention, partly because there were so many of them and partly because their existence had already been reported due to the marked resemblances they bore to the better known and more fully studied Wu Family tombs of this same epoch in Shantung province, a thousand miles to the northeast. Although, as Dr. Rudolph says, and this reviewer can attest, similar reliefs are found in hundreds —if not thousands—of artificial caves carved by men in the red sandstone cliffs of this region, the authors have confined their studies in the present work chiefly to two groups of caves along the Min river, with the addition of a few other examples from neighboring sites.

This would seem to indicate plenty of more work for future archeological recorders. Nevertheless, the seventy-five reliefs so thoroughly studied and documented here probably give us a reasonably complete idea of the general artistic style of Han tomb decoration in this region—a style much simpler and freer than that of the Shantung reliefs—as well as a general pattern for the architectural features employed by the tomb designers of the ancient kingdom of Shu.

The last quarter of this well organized and designed volume is devoted to a study of the closely related decorated clay tomb tiles that come from this same region. No tile work of this or any other period in Chinese art has ever equalled the uncommonly vivacious quality depicted on the larger examples illustrated. The animated scenes thereon of hunting and fishing and husbandry, of feasting and juggling and dancing seem like peeks through a tiny crack in Time's door which give bright glimpses of how the Chinese gentry of that remote epoch lived and dressed and pleasured themselves. To encounter this section at the end of this eminently scholarly work is like being served a piquant relish at the end of an admirable dinner.

Horace H. F. Payne, who has been a member of several archeological expeditions to China, is chief of the Chinese Unit of the Voice of America.

A Neglected Field

THE ART OF INDIA AND PAKISTAN. Edited by Sir Leigh Ashton. New York: Coward-McCann. 270 *pp.* $15.

By Dorothy Norman

IN EARLIER ages, those who invaded India both enriched her arts and were enriched by them. Whereas, under British rule, it so happened that Indians became not only increasingly apologetic about their own cultural heritage; they even began to turn their backs upon it. And the British artists who came to India—mainly to paint—were themselves almost totally uninfluenced by the Indian art they found.

It was not, in fact, until Tagore and Gandhi exhorted their countrymen to cast aside self-contempt and fear—and to believe in themselves—that India's interest in her own rich tradition began to revive. Which makes it rather doubly ironic that it should have been precisely the British who, in 1947-48—just as India had gained her freedom—assembled at the Royal Academy in London the most comprehensive exhibition of Indian art ever to be held; and that so large a number of the pieces exhibited should have been "loaned" by the British King, Queen Mary, "His Majesty's Government in the United Kingdom," and the Victoria and Albert Museum of London.

The handsome commemorative volume for the recent British exhibit has been prepared with the utmost care by such distinguished British authorities as Sir Leigh Ashton, F.S.A.; Professor K. de B. Codrington of London University; John Irwin, Assistant Keeper of the Indian Section of the Victoria and Albert Museum; and Basil Gray, Keeper of the Department of Oriental Antiquities at the British Museum.

The scope of the catalogue is necessarily vast, covering as it does Indian sculpture from the third millennium B.C. to the nineteenth century A.D., and paintings from the medieval period (beginning in the eleventh century) to the seventeenth century A.D. Moreover, since preoccupation with the arts has played so vital a role in the everyday life of India as a whole, it is particularly satisfying that a major section of the London exhibi-

Dorothy Norman, editor of a number of volumes on the fine arts including "Art and Action" and "The Selected Writings of John Marin," recently made an extensive trip to India.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion, as well as the catalogue, should have been devoted to Indian textiles, jewelry, jade, crystal and glass, furniture, peasant embroideries, carpets and hangings, saris, court dress, and arms and armor. It is notable also that since the exhibition provided so rich an opportunity to view what was shown with fresh perspective, those associated with it should so brilliantly have utilized the opportunity offered them. Indeed, one can be only grateful that there now exists this new and orderly presentation of such widely varied and relatively little publicized material.

One cannot help but regret, however, that, despite Codrington's excellent introduction concerning Indian sculpture, a greater effort was not made to relate the meaning of the major works of Hindu—including Buddhist—art to that of the temples from which they have been taken. For, in order properly to be seen or understood, these works must be viewed in relationship to the meaning of the structures they originally adorned, and of which they were an integral part—not only architecturally but conceptually as well. Surely to continue to consider them as isolated entities is to continue to consider them falsely.

Perhaps the most notable contribution to the catalogue has been provided by Basil Gray, whose introduction concerning Indian painting is exceptionally perceptive, the reproductions of Orissan, Rajasthani, Pahari, Mughal, Deccani, and other miscellaneous paintings being both well organized and representative.

A helpful list of books, as well as a careful bibliography, concordance, glossary, and index are included. The black and white photographs are well reproduced; unhappily the color plates of paintings leave much to be desired. But the fact that the two Governments of Britain and India—in the face of overwhelming difficulties—should have made the Royal Academy exhibition possible to begin with, deserves only the greatest praise, as does the permanent record that has now been made of what was shown.

It can only be hoped that, as a result of the publication of such a volume, as Professor Codrington suggests, a fresh "historical basis for the appreciation of art will be felt to be desirable," and that the West will finally cease to behave as though its "cultural inheritance" descends only from a "happy conjunction of Greek thought and Christianity." It would be equally beneficial for the world at large if only, now that India is free, her arts—in addition to her folk arts that have never entirely disappeared—could flourish once more.

For Decor & Warmth

THE MODE IN FURS: The History of Furred Costume of the World from the Earliest Times to the Present. By R. Turner Wilcox. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 257 pp. $5.

By Millia Davenport

THIS is the fourth in a series of books on costume, hats and headdresses, and shoes, for which Mrs. Wilcox has made 3,780 line drawings. As it happens, Mrs. Wilcox's books, though by no means the worst of their kind, represent the kind of costume book I despise.

If I may paraphrase my own beliefs and prejudices from a book introduction written long ago:

(1) Costume books illustrated by the author are usually to be deplored, and most of them are terrible.

(2) To my mind, the best book is the one with the most pictures, all of them contemporary documents, with

(3) the physical location or source of every picture, manuscript number, date, name of artist and subject, wherever possible, to aid search for similar material or colored reproductions. A text based on contemporary writers, with chapter and verse given, is also preferable.

It is almost impossible to redraw (even with the most laudable intentions of clarification) without falsifying another age in terms of one's own. Redrawn illustrations seem to me inexcusable in the age of photo-engraving. The amount of collateral information you absorb, as you get facts from documentary illustrations, more than repays the extra effort which may be required. This was dramatized for me, long ago, by a Japanese artist, a disciplined and exquisite draughtsman, who committed suicide in despair over his inability to eliminate from his work in New York all trace of his Oriental origin.

Mine is frankly the gospel according to SS. Leloir, Von Boehn, D'Allemagne, and Kelly and Schwabe, with such minor saints as H. K. Morse and Piton. Almost the only redrawings to which it is hard to take exception are the line drawings of details by Randolph Schwabe, Slade Professor of Art at London University, which supplement documentary plates in his and F. W. Kelly's admirable works on costume and armor.

Unfortunately, Mrs. Wilcox is no Professor Schwabe. Her drawing is

Millia Davenport is the author of "The Book of Costume."

PLAZA ART GALLERIES, INC.
ANTIQUE, ART & BOOK AUCTIONS
If you contemplate an auction or valuation write us for terms and details. We maintain a department exclusively for appraisals and inventories. Inquiries respectfully solicited.
AUCTIONEERS:
Messrs. W. H. O'Reilly, E. P. O'Reilly
9 East 59 St. • New York 22

PICTURES & PRINTS
Largest stock of fine color reproductions in the country
Old Masters, Moderns, Contemporaries
Foreign & American
We specialize in mail orders. Send for 128-page profusely illustrated catalog. (128 illustrations) 50c
OUR EXPERT FRAMING DEPARTMENT STOCKS THE LARGEST IN MODERN & CLASSIC MOULDINGS
Oestreicher's
1208 6th Ave. (Dept. SR) New York 19
(Bet. 47th-48th Sts.) PL 7-1190

MILTON AVERY
RECENT PAINTINGS
OCTOBER 15-NOVEMBER 4
GRACE BORGENICHT GALLERY 65 E 57

E. and A. Silberman
INC.
Old and Modern Masters
32 East 57th Street, New York

GENUINE ANTIQUE
AFRICAN SCULPTURES
SEGY GALLERY 708 LEXINGTON AVE. NEW YORK
CATALOGUE ON REQUEST TEL: EL 5-3859

BUY U.S. SAVINGS BONDS

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

weak, wabbly, cheap, and monotonous. From antiquity to World War II, her figures have a characterless similarity; her men, with or without beards or moustaches, are androgynes. Worse still, the body stance, the flare or fall of fabric that is the essential style of each period, is so defectively analyzed, understood, and reproduced that it is often hard to identify her drawing with its long-familiar source.

The dignity and personal style of a ruler like Philip the Good, superbly shown in Van der Weyden's frontispiece to the "Chronicles of Hainault," are debased and vulgarized; duchesses are mistreated from Denmark through Bavaria to Urbino; and paper dolls are chopped with a dull scissors from such painters as Van Eyck, Pisanello, Ratgeb, Titian, Mielich, Holbein, Coello, Parmigianino, Sustermans, and Molenaer. Fashion engravers from Bonnart, St. Jean, Trouvain, and Hollar (who need no simplification to improve their clarity) through the later Leclere, Watteau de Lille, and the magnificent Vernet-Gatine "Incroyables" and "Merveilleuses," suffer as badly.

Mrs. Wilcox's drawings are innocent of attributions and sketchily dated. Although she apparently does not claim that her drawings are made after contemporary artists, it would in the main appear to be true. Indeed, her plates are never (like some one could mention) fanciful fabrications or patchworks of salient bits from different paintings. But she does not scruple to insert fur in places where it might well have been used, whether or not it was.

It is difficult to indicate examples, as the publishers have numbered only text pages. But on the page marked "French 1670's," are drawings made from Bonnart's celebrated fashion plates, of a dressing gown worn with a fur cap, and of the overcoat called "Brandenburg." To both of these Mrs. Wilcox has added fur linings, which are neither drawn or mentioned in the original engraving and captions.

Since we have the book open at this point, it might interest you to compare the female on skates at the bottom of the page to the left with the original from Romeyn de Hooghe's "Figures à la mode." (This can be found in the Metropolitan Museum's Print Room.) From De Hooghe's wonderful engraving Mrs. Wilcox has eliminated all the strangeness and presents something which appears to have been cut out with the aid of the *Delineator's* pattern for a Martha Washington costume and made for the school play by the sewing class. If you don't notice or care about the difference, you will perhaps buy and cherish "The Mode in Furs."

Art Book Notes

THE GOTHIC WORLD. By John Harvey. B. T. Batsford, New York. $6.75. Though the ideal reviewer should study a jacket with glacial impartiality, the truth is that no reviewer in his right mind has ever been able to glance at a Batsford book from quite that cool a distance. Batsford books may be written by poets or by pedants, and not every Batsford author may be ranked with Sacheverell Sitwell or James Lees-Milne, but each and every Batsford publication, no matter what the limitations of the subject or the obsessions of the specialist whose name crowns the title page, is bound to beautifully printed, magnificently illustrated, and offered at a price so reasonable that wise booksellers will remember that lovers of architecture, whether they specialize in Hellenistic remains or cast iron façades, are helpless at the sight of the Batsford imprint.

John Harvey's "The Gothic World," is a typical Batsford bargain, complete with 295 illustrations, many of which are sharp, essential cuts of Gothic plans, most of which are superb photographs of Gothic monuments from Sweden to Portugal. There may be a better picture-book of Gothic architecture than this at this price, but this reviewer confesses he has never heard of it.

The text may reach a much smaller audience than the illustrations, for John Harvey's prose is easier digested in a library than on a commuter's train, but anyone who has ever tried to solve the puzzle that's Gothic architecture will be anxious to ponder the evidence the author has amassed. As all specialists by this time have heard, John Harvey's thesis is that the great Gothic cathedrals were created not by automatons in an anonymous age, but by individuals. He names more than a few of these long-forgotten architects.

—Wayne Andrews.

VAN GOGH. By Meyer Schapiro. RENOIR. By Milton S. Fox. EL GRECO. By John F. Matthew. MASTERPIECES OF ITALIAN PAINTING. By James W. Thompson. GREAT MASTERPIECES. By Milton S. Fox. Five volumes in the Library of Great Painters. Harry N. Abrams, New York. $1.25 each. Each of these paper-bound books contains ten full color prints, one of them on the cover, with several black-and-white reproductions scattered through the text. Frankly directed at the layman, these low-priced "portfolios" (for that is what the publisher calls them despite the binding) serve as a useful introduction to the enjoyment of great paint-

ings. The text is brief and for the most part simply describes the pictures and provides biographical comment about their makers. More sophisticated followers of the arts, although they may find the textual material all too familiar, may nevertheless welcome the chance to obtain color reproductions of good size and quality at 12½ cents each. (The black-and-white prints frequently fall below the color reproductions in quality.)

For those who care to pursue the subject farther, the same publisher has already issued weightier and more expensive tomes on the same artists ["The Library of Great Painters Series," *SRL,* Feb. 3, 1951] from which the present color illustrations were obviously drawn.

—L. R. Sander.

ENGLISH CATHEDRALS. By Martin Hürlimann. Houghton Mifflin. $7.50. "I do not despair of St. Peter's being rebuilt in a better style," the late Augustus Welby Northmore Pugin decided on reaching Rome in the spring of 1847. In the century that has passed since Pugin arrived at his singular conclusion, no architect has applied for the job of redesigning St. Peter's, and one might imagine there was no special reason in 1951 for repeating Pugin's curious pronouncement. Yet the name of Pugin comes to mind, the moment one thumbs through the glorious pages of Martin Hürlimann's "English Cathedrals." For these photographs of the Gothic wonders of the British Isles are not so many snapshots of so many famous buildings, but rather so many masterpieces seen anew, with eyes almost as fresh as those of the brave architects who rediscovered the Gothic heritage in

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

our great-grandmother's day. Gazing at Mr. Hürlimann's recording of the crossing at Wells, one begins to understand Pugin's jog in the Gothic tradition, and even to excuse the absurdity of his ambition to Gothicize St. Peter's.

"I have not any desire," says Geoffrey Grigson in his introduction to Mr. Hürlimann's 152 photographs of the seventeen memorable English cathedrals, "to race the French and English buildings in a cultural point-to-point, in which it is foregone that the English will lose. The different cathedrals are the imaginative and religious expression, within one religion, of two different peoples. And the point of comparing them is to discover the special vitalities and excellences of each." Mr. Hürlimann has proved that a photographer may remind us of these national distinctions as gracefully as the subtlest critic. —W. A.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233)

Of *The Saturday Review of Literature* published weekly at New York, N. Y. for October 1, 1951.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Saturday Review Associates, Inc., Harrison Smith, President, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.; Editor, Norman Cousins, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.; Managing Editor, none; General Manager, J. R. Cominsky, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual member, must be given.) Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.; J. R. Cominsky, Norman Cousins, E. L. DeGolyer, Marshall Field, Harrison Smith, World Literary Projects, Inc., E. L. DeGolyer, Jr. The address of all stockholders named above is 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date shown above was: (This information is required from daily, weekly, semiweekly, and triweekly newspapers only.) 109,071.

(Signed) J. R. COMINSKY,
General Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 24th day of September, 1951, Nathan Cohn. (My commission expires March 30, 1952.)

CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted; personal services; literary or publishing offers, unclassified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; traveling companions; ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; opinions (limited to 50 lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence. Rates: 30¢ per word; 10-word minimum. Count 2 extra words for Box and Number. Rates for several insertions—52 times 22¢ a word; 26 times 24¢ a word; 13 times 26¢ a word; 6 times 28¢ a word. Full payment must be received fifteen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address: Personals Department, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45 Street, New York 19, N. Y.

FRENCH BOOKS

THE FRENCH BOOKSHOP, 556 Madison Avenue, New York's only French bookshop where French books ONLY are sold exclusively. Mail-order catalogue 30¢.

BOOKPLATES

FREE CATALOGUE. Several hundred beautiful designs, address "BOOKPLATES," Yellow Springs, Ohio.

BACK NUMBERS

NIELSEN'S BACK NUMBER SERVICE. Send want list. 7308 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles 46, Calif.

OUT-OF-PRINT

ANY BOOK LOCATED. Free catalogue. MID-WEST BOOK SERVICE, 4301 Kensington, Detroit 24, Mich.

AMERICANA, BIOGRAPHY, LITERATURE. Huge stock. Weekly London importations. Competent search service. Immediate attention to wants lists. HARLOW ROSS, 6724 Plymouth Ave., Minneapolis 22, Minn.

LANGUAGES

FRENCH conversation, diction, grammar. Expert training by Parisienne (Sorbonne University). Individual lessons or small groups. 25 East 63 St., NYC. TEmpleton 8-3988.

UNUSUAL RUSSIAN LESSONS through correspondence, 8 lessons monthly, $4. Information evenings 7-9, NYC, TRafalgar 7-1433 or Box 83-J.

LISTEN AND LEARN A LANGUAGE by quick, easy LINGUAPHONE Conversational Method. Learn to speak French, German, Russian, an Asiatic tongue—any of 29 languages. Save time, work, money. Another language is business, social asset. Send for FREE book. LINGUAPHONE INSTITUTE, 2610 Rockefeller Plaza, NYC 20.

BOOKS

THOUSANDS OF BOOKS on hand. If I haven't got the one you want, I'll find it. DELLA MONTGOMERY, R. No. 6, Box 53-B, South Bend, Ind.

BOOKS ON THE EAST: China, Japan, Siam, Burma, India, Central Asia, Persia, Arabia, Egypt, etc. Send for catalogues. Established 1902. ORIENTALIA, 11 East 12 St., NYC 3.

NEW AND SECOND HAND BOOKS in or out of print. If it's a book we may have it. MENDOZA's, 15 Ann St., NYC 38. Oldest old book shop in NYC.

ATHEIST BOOKS. 32-page catalogue free. TRUTH SEEKER CO., 38 Park Row, NYC 8.

EXTENSIVE STOCK OF LITERATURE—History, Americana, Fiction, Science, etc., on hand. Catalogues issued. Inquiries invited. PYETELL'S BOOK SHOP, 333 Fifth Ave., Pelham 65, N. Y.

ELIOT COLLECTORS. The early poems. First time in book form. Remit $5 or COD. ELIBOOKS. Box 976-H.

REQUEST BARGAIN LIST worthwhile books. Large savings. Wants filled. FLORENCE COLE, 851-B Stone Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

JUST PUBLISHED. Ernst Wiechert. Der Mensch und sein Werk. An anthology, Munich 1951. 302 pages, cloth, $2.10. Books by Ernst Wiechert always in stock. MARY S. ROSENBERG, Bookseller, Publisher & Importer, 100 West 72 St., NYC 23, Dept. 22.

CLASSIFIED

LITERARY SERVICES

WRITING BOOK, PLAY, STORY, THESIS, article? Style-improving, editing, criticism, collaboration, research, translations. Also secretarial services. Recommended leading authors. SARA CLYNE, 49 West 56 St., NYC. CIrcle 5-7735.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING SPECIALISTS. Efficient, Economical, Prompt. GLADYS — IRENE LEAHEY, 551 Fifth Ave., NYC. MUrray Hill 7-2227.

ELEANOR KING, literary agent, books, plays, stories, novels, all languages marketed. 19 West 44 St., NYC 18.

STORIES, NOVELS, ARTICLES, BOOKS MARKETED. Highly recommended for publication of fiction and nonfiction. Editorially recognized advice, recommendations, editing for revision, sales, publication. Unestablished writers assisted. Information available before sending manuscripts. LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AGENT, 33 West 42 St., NYC 18.

TWENTY-THREE IMPORTANT SERVICES for all writers available to members. Write for information. NATIONAL WRITERS' CLUB, Denver 6, Colo.

WE PUBLISH, print and distribute your manuscript in pamphlet or book form. Send for free folder. WILLIAM-FREDERICK PRESS; Pamphlet Distributing Company, 313 West 35 St., NYC. LAckawanna 4-0178.

RADIO PLAYS—Scripts revised, edited, criticized by professional radio writer, formerly N.Y.U. script staff. G. TROPP, 5 West 46 St., NYC.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING: intelligent, prompt, inexpensive. AMBASSADOR OFFICE SERVICE, 17 East 48 St., NYC. PLaza 3-1364.

RESEARCH at Library of Congress, Archives, etc. MARJORIE KEITH, 3212 Macomb St., Washington, D. C.

MR. MANUSCRIPT: Expert literary typing, music copying. NYC, CIrcle 6-7130.

PERSONALS

FRENCH CAN BE FUN! Speak it in 12 lessons. Parisian, NYC. MUrray Hill 5-4160.

CROW'S NEST TRIPS. Language teacher and wife arrange trips in own private 9-passenger car for Americans coming to Europe. Meet boat anywhere in Europe. Charge total of $15 per day per person—includes hotel, meals, gas, everything. Minimum number passengers 5 (otherwise price higher). Write direct to Donald R. Hart Jr., 2 avenue de Bonneuil, La Varenne-St. Hilaire (Seine) France for planned trip or plan your own.

NEED AN EMOTIONAL OUTLET? Try exciting new ceramics and part-time painting courses at BROOKLYN MUSEUM ART SCHOOL. Make friends while studying with distinguished faculty. Call NEvins 8-4486, or write Dept. SR, Eastern Parkway, Brooklyn.

SOONER OR LATER everybody goes to the nation's capital, WASHINGTON, D.C. When you go, stop at one of the 3 fine, conveniently located Manger owned and operated hotels. The Annapolis, the Hay-Adams, the Hamilton offer special all-expense tour rates to Review readers, from $10.95 up, which includes air-conditioned rooms, breakfast, sightseeing tour, broadcast, etc. Write: Harry Weissinger, General Manager, at Hotel Annapolis, Washington, D.C. (Mention this ad for special Review booklets and detailed information).

"HOW CAN I FIND OUT?" You can! Information discreetly developed. Any matter, person, problem, anywhere. Worldwide. Officially licensed, bonded service. Established 1922. Reasonable. Confidential. WILLIAM HERMAN, 170 Broadway, NYC.

FEMININE CORRESPONDENCE sought by young newspaperman. Box 909-H.

BEFORE IT'S LOST OR STOLEN, mail broken jewelry, lay-around watches, silver, dental gold to me for exact appraisal, prompt payment. E. N. KELLOGG, Box 848, Chattanooga, Tenn.

22-PAGE PROGRAM NOTES for First Art Film Festival, $1.00 per copy. Write FILM FESTIVAL, P. O. Box 225, Woodstock, N. Y.

I AM ENGAGED in collecting material, anecdotes, letters, information, etc., about the late Sinclair Lewis in preparation for a biography. I will be grateful to anyone who will aid me in this task and will promptly return anything sent to me if it is requested. Address: Harrison Smith, Saturday Review, 25 West 45 St., NYC.

(Continued on page 58)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONALS

(Continued from page 57)

FOLK-GUITAR. Beginners' Classes. Fun. Jam Sessions. NYC. MOnument. 2-9588.

THE U.S. ARMY needs graduate librarians for civilian positions both overseas and in the U.S. Within the European Command there are openings for professionally trained female librarians between the ages of 21 and 40. Graduation from a library school accredited by the American Library Association or by a regional accrediting agency is required. Salaries range from $3,100 to $3,825 per year. Positions are professionally challenging and frequently offer opportunities for travel. Inquiries for all overseas positions should be addressed to the Overseas Affairs Branch, Civilian Personnel Division, Office, Secretary of the Army, Washington 25, D.C. Inquiries about openings within the U.S. should be addressed Special Services Division, AGO Department of the Army, Washington 25, D.C.; Attention: Library Section.

MILLINERY—European travelers bringing back felts. Will create for you. Remodeling. RUTH, 66 Fifth Ave., NYC, Suite 31. ORegon 5-2598.

GOING TO NYC? Live at one of NYC's truly great hotels. Live in luxury at budget prices . . . your choice of 7, 3-day all expense weekends from $10.43 per person, includes large twin-bedded room with private bath, breakfast in bed or in famed Palm Garden, also night club and other entertainment or sightseeing tours. Write for booklet AE, HOTEL VANDERBILT, Park Ave. at 34 St., NYC.

GOOD USED BOOKS. 50¢-$1. Buy where libraries buy! Postal brings list. EDITIONS, Dept. R, Hempstead, N. Y.

REFINED, thoughtful, home-loving young lady invites correspondence with man of same inclinations. Box 967-H.

PESSIMISTIC GENTLEMAN invites correspondence youngish lady optimist. Box 968-H.

GENTLEMAN with knowledge furnishings and antiques, considering business partner interior decorating. Box 969-H.

THE CALIFORNIA QUARTERLY, published Oct. 1. First issue presents both new and established writers including George Tabori, Wilma Shore, Gwyn Thomas, Jay Williams, E. P. Thompson, etc. In future issue: Pablo Neruda, Sanora Babb, Ray Bradbury, Millen Brand, Howard Griffin, etc. Per year $2.50. Address: 7070 Hollywood Blvd., Los Angeles 28, Calif.

MATURE GENTLEMAN, interested dancing, golf, travel, wishes correspondence with lady having similar interests. Box 940-H.

50¢ DOLLAR can be stretched by getting top-value accommodations at the BEEKMAN TOWER HOTEL, NYC, where you can combine comfort, cleanliness and convenience with economy. Excellent popular-priced restaurant and coffee shop. NYC's only hotel overlooking United Nations and East River. Fine clientele; attentive staff. Singles from $3.50 to $6.50, doubles from $6.50 to $11; special weekly rates. Request booklet S. BEEKMAN TOWER HOTEL, 49 St. and First Ave., NYC 17; ELdorado 5-7300.

LITERATE YOUNG MISS? Enjoy mountains, symphony, solitude, fireplaces, free thought? Herd-weary ex-urbanite says hello. Box 978-H.

SENSIBLY and sincerely mature man would like to hear from a similarly inclined woman. Box 76-J.

YOUNG LADY, fond of music, art and cooking, desires correspondence serious-minded gentleman. Box 77-J.

TEACHER, feminine, colorful, liberal, wishes correspondence from older cultured gentleman. Box 78-J.

TALENTED, cultured Englishman wishes correspond young, natural, charming girl. Box 79-J.

ASSISTANT PROFESSOR of foreign languages, Ph. D., partially disabled in World War II, desires feminine correspondence. Box 80-J.

VERSATILE SECRETARY AVAILABLE. 26. Literary, public relations, international experience. NYC, ALgonquin 5-4053.

UNPREJUDICED woman, ballet lover, artistically inclined, craves sympathetic correspondence from idealistic, sensitive, perceptive male. Box 105-J.

JOB WANTED, absorbing, challenging. Woman, 43, diversified experience business world, widely traveled, deeply interested people, their problems, aspirations; capable conscientiously assuming responsibilities wth insight, tact, diligence. Box 111-J.

HIGHLY QUALIFIED PIANO INSTRUCTOR prefers teaching adult beginners. NYC, MUrray Hill 6-1357.

YOUR FAMILY COAT OF ARMS, hand painted by master craftsmen, 10 x 12 — $17.50. Arms accompanied by bound manuscript giving certification, color and character meanings, and historical sketch of family. Order now for gifts of distinction or your own proud possession. Orders payable in advance; delivery within 30 days. HENNESSEE STUDIO OF HERALDIC ART, 114 East Franklin St., Richmond 19, Virginia.

YOUNG WOMAN seeks position in book shop, evenings, NYC. Box 74-J.

EDITOR, who can put a manuscript to bed from broody beginning to shining lock-up. Can bring wit, experience and "klass" to an organization. Familiar with all the vagaries of publishing from gossip to gospel. Mr. Lonelyhearts, this is not for you. I am not looking for a tiddelywinks partner, I am looking for a job. Box 75-J.

VETERAN, 30, perfect English, Russian, excellent French, German; Harvard graduate, 3 years University Chicago graduate work economics, seeks interesting employment anywhere. Box 84-J.

LITERATE MALE, sincere, responsible, mature, wide interests in art and nature, would value spirited correspondence. Box 85-J.

AVAILABLE: Mature woman for challenging job or work assignment. Scientifically trained; varied business experience. Has imagination, insight integrity. Can keep a confidence. Free to travel. Expert driver. Unemcumbered. Box 86-J.

PLAYWRIGHT'S SECRETARY seeks writer, full or part-time. Vicinity Stamford, Connecticut. Box 87-J.

NOW AVAILABLE: One of 8 dwellings, charming, comfortable 2-bedroom cottage, bath, electricity. Rent or sale. Private country place. Seclusion, magnificent view, woods, meadows, orchards, beach, mountains. San Juan sunshine belt, mild climate, intelligent community. GORDON DUNTHORNE, Box 540, Guemes Island, Anacortes, Wash.

EDITOR-WRITER in Washington, D. C., with access government agencies, available part-time. Box 89-J.

EXECUTIVE or professional man wanted to correspond with English girl. Interests: people, travel, music, sports, theatre. Box 90-J.

BUSINESS EXECUTIVE, friendly but lonesome in new surroundings, seeks adventurous feminine correspondent with mature sense of humor. Box 91-J.

WOULD YOU LIKE a needlepoint picture of your home? Box 92-J.

PART-TIME SECRETARY WANTED: Experienced, educated, preferably young, good typing, simple accounts. Professional couple, midtown Manhattan. Good pay. 2 — 4 days a month. State qualifications. Box 93-J.

PIN MONEY AT HOME? Take care household mending for midtown professional couple. Excellent pay for experienced craftswoman. Box 94-J.

NOVELIST, anthologized stories, articles, prize-winning play, translations French, Italian, wants part-time employment. Mornings, NYC, GRamercy 3-5913.

YOUNG MATURE WOMAN invites correspondence with gentleman. Box 102-J.

CREATIVE-MINDED VETERAN desires to work with like-minded people. College graduate, 28, slightly experienced in journalism, wide general experience. Box 103-J.

THRIFT-MINDED advertising women need 2 rooms Nov. 1, East midtown. Best references. NYC, TEmpleton 8-1957.

MARRIED GENTLEMAN with 3 hungry children and inedible Ph. D. in German. Will teach, research, eat; in that order. Box 107-H.

LONESOME young newspaperman would like to correspond with interesting girl. Box 108-J.

BUSINESS MAN, middle-aged, desires correspondence with sincere, capable woman being recently transplanted from Europe. Box 95-J.

YACHTSMAN, small family, will share spacious Florida home, small yacht, with retired couple. Box 96-J.

CONVALESCING YOUNG LADY would welcome letters from everybody, everywhere. Box 97-J.

RENT furnished beautiful home, Chihuahua, Mexico. 4 bedrooms, 3 baths. 10 acres. Ideal for writers. Write: NORMA CROZE, Santa Maria del Oro, Durango, Mexico.

SENSITIVE YOUNG MAN invites joyous but sincere correspondence. Box 100-J.

AVAILABLE OCT. 15: Artist experienced in illustrating creative, exciting ideas. Minimum salary $125. Box 110-J.

MALE NOVELIST anxious for odd jobs — baby-sit, paint apartments (experienced), bartend, make hors d'oeuvre at parties, transport articles, own automobile. Box 113-J.

TIRED OF SUNLESS MORNINGS and thankless days, where is the orphaned household of style where I can be of invaluable merit? Mine is a high educational background representing manners and taste as hostess, companion and first-class housekeeper, sporty, travel-wise, responsible, musical, and — don't laugh — good cooking, topped by a talent for organization. Prefer country life; there must be some harassed householder with domestic help. I can make life heavenly. Sorry, no small children. Box 118-J.

YOUNG MAN, college graduate, interested in literature, music, theatre, horsemanship, sports, would like interesting correspondence. Box 119-J.

SECRETARY, mature, efficient, varied commercial and non-commercial experience, wishes employment with one person seriously engaged in interesting work. Social security coverage essential. Salary, residence adjustable. Box 114-J.

COOKING LESSONS, individuals or small groups. Highly praised by food columnists. NYC, SChuyler 4-6339.

FEMININE FRANCOPHILE, hobby — haute cuisine, invites correspondence Frenchmen. Object — recipes. Box 116-J.

PERSONABLE YOUNG SECRETARY seeks position including occasional travel. Expert stenographer, experienced. Reasonable salary with maintenance. Box 117-J.

THE MOST FASCINATING JEWELRY IN THE WORLD for men and women of culture who appreciate the beauty and background of ancient masterpieces — ANCIENT COINS and ROYAL MEDALS made up into necklaces, bracelets, earrings and cuff links. $10 to $35. Send for booklet R. KENDALL-SMITH, jeweler of medals and coins. 7 East 55 St., NYC 22.

WHY THINGS HAPPEN. Troubled about personal misfortunes — unhappy world conditions? This inspiring book, THE DIVINE PROVIDENCE, by Emanuel Swedenborg, will help solve your problems. 640 pages, 25¢ postpaid. THE SWEDENBORG FOUNDATION, Section 9, 51 East 42 St., NYC 17.

TYPEWRITER, standard, Pica, L. C. Smith. Almost new. Riverside 9-5864, NYC.

VACATIONS

SUDBURY INN at Lake Hortonia, Sudbury, Vt., provides best in country vacations.

NAIDNI ON LAKE DUNMORE, Brandon, Vermont. Unusual simplicity, good food, boating, fishing, swimming, beautiful walks. No planned entertainment.

KANDAHAR LODGE, Manchester, Vermont. Beautiful fall vacationland. Excellent accomodations. Sports. Restful. Delicious meals. Low fall rates. Folder.

GREEN SHADOWS, Old Lyme, Conn., quiet informal country life, good food, comfortable beds.

SEA VILLAGE INN, Stonington, Conn., a piece of Nantucket on railroad main line. Wonderful in autumn. From $35 week. Write.

MIAMI, FLORIDA. The FEDERAL HOTEL invites you. Cool, lovely rooms, extremely low rates year round. ½ block to best stores, clubs, deep sea fishing boats. Comfort without inflation. $1.50 day each, double occupancy. 33-39 N. W. First Street.

GOLDEN SEPTEMBER HOLIDAYS, good fishing, tennis, horses, crackling wood fires, light housekeeping cabins at FENIMORE-on-Otsego Lake, Cooperstown, N. Y. Telephone 675. J. Braider, Manager. Fall rates: $30 weekly, up.

AUTUMN AT BLUEBERRY HILL! Lucullan food. Blazing foilage. The Mastertons. Brandon, Vermont.

FALL VACATION VERMONT? Hillside farm, quiet, unpretentious living. Excellent place to write, paint, rest. Write to Mary Gibson, SKY HOLLOW FARM, Rochester, Vt.

THE WESTTOWN FARM HOUSE, 21 miles west of Philadelphia. Beautiful Pennsylvania countryside. Pennsylvania Route 926. Excellent meals. Pleasant rooms. In the cultural atmosphere of a Quaker School campus. Reservations by week or month the year around. Marion Weller, Manager, Westtown, Pa.

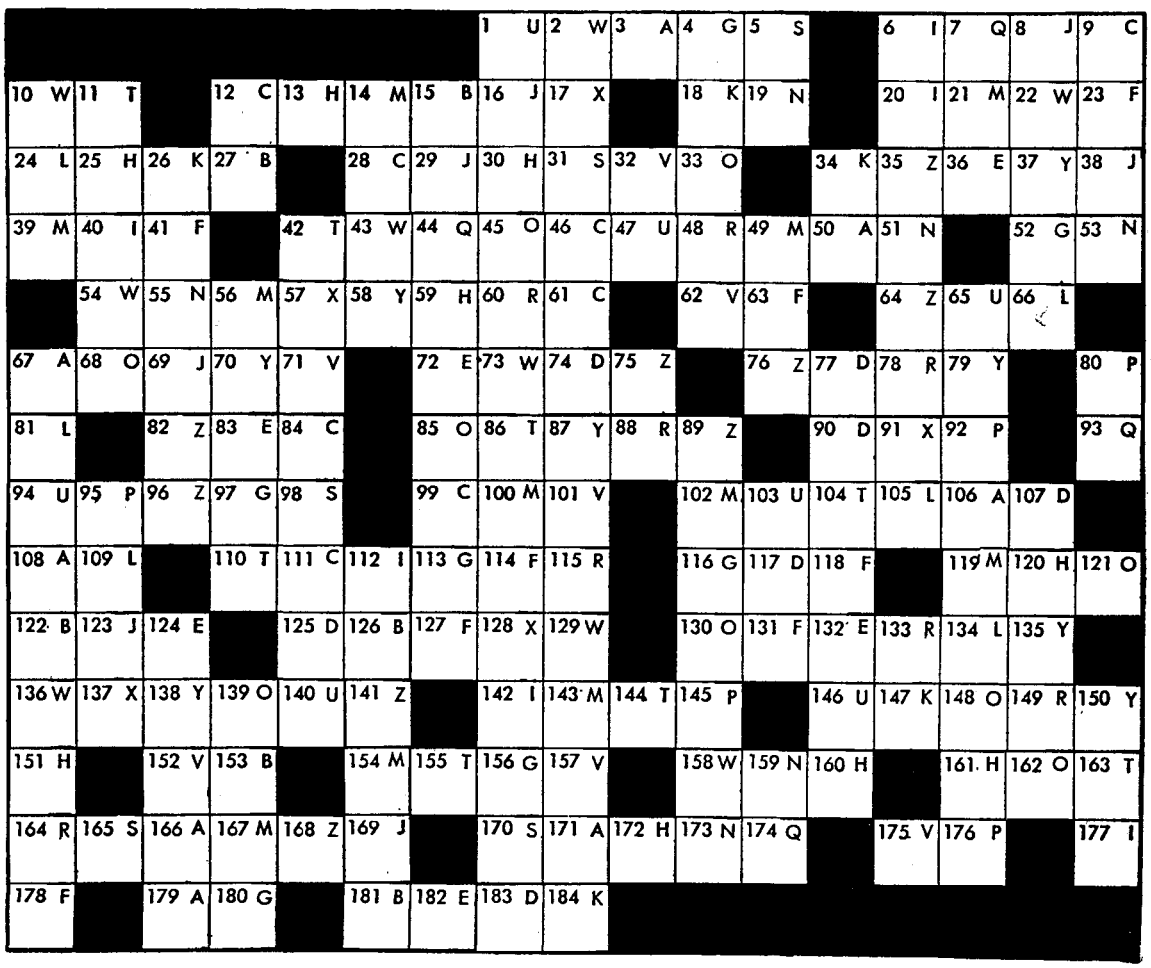
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 915

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Austrian chemist who invented gas-light appliances formerly in wide use (1858-1929).	171 3 106 50 108 179 166 67
B. To handle hesitatingly.	15 122 126 153 181 27
C. Seaport city of Australia, founded 1824 as a penal colony.	28 84 9 12 99 46 61 111
D. Spanish Protestant theologian who translated New Testament into Spanish (1520?-52; var. sp.).	107 90 74 77 117 125 183
E. The plucked fur or pelt of coypu.	124 83 132 72 36 182
F. Norwegian novelist whose pseudonym was Stein Riverton (1884-1934).	41 114 23 63 178 127 131 118
G. Work by Sibelius based on the "Kalevala".	180 116 113 156 52 97 4
H. County in Eire commemorated in song of World War I.	151 59 13 161 172 160 120 25 30
I. Containing a relatively large amount of organic matter (of soil).	142 177 6 112 20 40
J. Expressing or embodying agitation of the feelings.	29 69 123 169 16 8 38
K. A basin for holy water at the entrance of a Roman Catholic church.	26 184 18 34 147
L. A deep-water fish of Bering Sea (*Macrourus cinereus*).	81 134 105 66 109 24
M. Unseasonable.	14 21 143 49 102 167 39 154 100 119 56
N. To discompose; agitate; disturb.	55 159 19 53 173 51
O. Pertaining to a form of reasoning.	139 130 33 68 45 121 148 85 162
P. Coarse oily, game fish on the Pacific coast; its oil often used for currrying leather.	92 80 176 95 145
Q. European capital, largest city of its country.	7 93 174 44
R. Savage wildness.	78 115 149 60 88 133 164 48
S. Trifled; dallied.	5 31 98 165 170
T. First name, popular radio "cowboy".	155 86 110 42 144 104 163 11
U. Defeated Democratic candidate for V.P. of the U. S. in 1880 (Garfield and Arthur were elected).	103 140 1 47 94 146 65
V. Scottish-born writer and educator in the U. S., author of numerous text-books (1833-92).	157 62 175 32 101 152 71
W. Tenth sign of the zodiac.	54 73 43 129 22 136 158 2 10
X. Muse of lyric and amatory poetry (class. myth.).	128 137 57 17 91
Y. A picture or relief sculpture representing early infancy of Christ.	135 70 58 87 37 150 79 138
Z. A well-known Hoosier State novelist (1837-1902).	89 96 141 76 75 168 64 82 35



DIRECTIONS

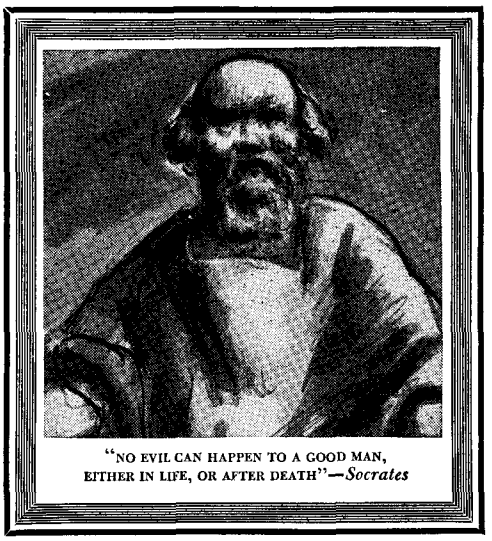
To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in, you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 43 of this issue.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How the Wisest Men of Yesterday Can Help You Today



"NO EVIL CAN HAPPEN TO A GOOD MAN, EITHER IN LIFE, OR AFTER DEATH"—*Socrates*

SUPPOSE that you had the chance to talk personally and to philosophize with the great thinkers of the past; that like a djinn you could call up any one of them, whenever you felt like it, to help you clarify some question about life and the world to which you have never had a satisfying answer.

In effect, that is what happens when you have — alongside your reading chair or at your bedside — the four-volume set of THE WORLD'S GREAT THINKERS.

CONFUCIUS

When you choose, you can listen entranced to old Confucius, whose words of 2500 years ago still illuminate helpfully the simple eternal problems of everyday living.

You will hear Aristotle, who almost 300 years before the birth of Christ, taught Alexander the Great to think in large horizons, and you will see why the influence of his thought has extended down to this moment.

You will read avidly in Montaigne, whose trenchant Gallic wisdom is as cutting today as it was when it was enjoyed by Shakespeare.

Benedict de Spinoza, the inspired lens grinder will — when you want him to — expound his uplifting philosophy for you.

ARISTOTLE

Jean Jacques Rousseau will speak up for the principles of equality and justice, and Arthur Schopenhauer, the philosopher of disillusion, will demonstrate his penetrating sense of reality.

Charles Darwin, in his bare but exciting passages, will show how he revolutionized the whole attitude of man to the universe; and you will find Sigmund Freud doing the same in the world of the mind, with the widest repercussions in anthropology, art, literature, religion and politics.

These — and some forty other wise men of the past — you will meet in THE WORLD'S GREAT THINKERS. They too worried about life and the world, even as we in these confused times; and here in his own words is the essence of what each one of them thought, to help you formulate your own philosophy of life.

MONTAIGNE

These are precious books for all thoughtful persons. They are to be read over a period of many months, even years. They are books to be dipped into only when you feel like it. There are hundreds of passages in them that you will want to read and re-read and ponder upon. They are to be shared with those nearest to you. They are desert-isle books, which over the years will probably become prized more than anything in your library.

SPINOZA

The Book-of-the-Month Club *will give them to you* — the whole set of four volumes — if you become a member at this time. It will do so to demonstrate the extraordinary advantages of being a member of the Club and getting some of the books you buy in this economical way.

What membership in the BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB *means:*

AMONG the monthly selections chosen by the Club's five judges, and among the many Special Editions of widely discussed books available to members (*a total of at least 100 books a year*), there are bound to be many which you fully intend to buy. *You may buy as few as four of these books* during any twelve-month period, and receive all the advantages of membership.

The most obvious of these advantages is economy. Many of the monthly selections, because of the enormous editions made possible by the Club's large membership, are sold to members at less than the retail price—last year the average was 27% less. Even more important moneywise, after your first purchase, *for every two such books* (or Special Editions) that you buy, you are entitled to one of the Club's Book-Dividends. *An average of two million dollars' worth of free books (retail value) during every two-month period is now distributed among members.* It seems just common-sense for any book-reading family to share in this distribution, by buying some of its books through the Club.

There is no yearly membership fee. You simply pay for each book as you get it (plus a small charge for mailing expense)—and, remember, you buy *only those books you want.* You receive in advance concise monthly reports *about all the important books.*

Hundreds of thousands of book-reading families now use this sensible system. It keeps them from missing the particular new books they are anxious to read, and it makes the money they can afford for books go much farther.

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, Inc. A2510
345 Hudson St., New York 14, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a member of the Book-of-the-Month Club.* I am to receive, free, the four-volume set of THE WORLD'S GREAT THINKERS with the purchase of my first book indicated below, and thereafter for every two monthly selections—or Special Members' Editions—I purchase from the Club, I am to receive, free, the current Book-Dividend then being distributed. I agree to purchase at least four monthly selections—or Special Members' Editions—from the Club during the first year I am a member, and I may cancel my subscription any time after purchasing four such books from the Club.

AS MY FIRST PURCHASE PLEASE SEND ME:

- ☐ THE HOLY SINNER by Thomas Mann *$3.50*
- ☐ THE CAINE MUTINY by Herman Wouk *$3.95*
- ☐ A KING'S STORY by The Duke of Windsor *$4.50*
- ☐ THE CATCHER IN THE RYE by J. D. Salinger *$3.00*
- ☐ THE SEA AROUND US by Rachel L. Carson *$3.50*
- ☐ RETURN TO PARADISE by James A. Michener *$3.50*
- ☐ THE TROUBLED AIR by Irwin Shaw *$3.75*
- ☐ FROM HERE TO ETERNITY by James Jones *$4.50*

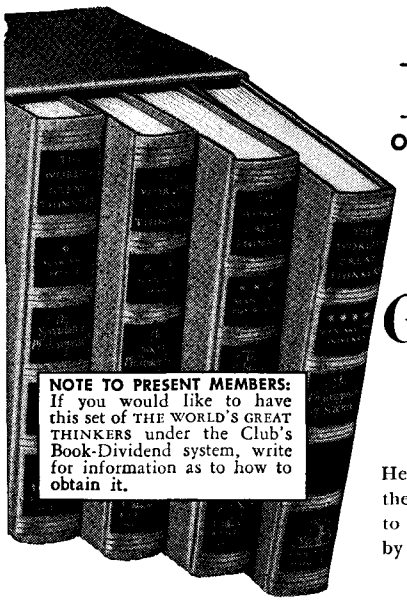
Name.....
(Please Print Plainly)

Address.....

City..... Postal Zone No. (if any) ..... *State*.....

Book prices are slightly higher in Canada, but the Club ships to Canadian members, without any extra charge for duty, through Book-of-the-Month Club (Canada), Ltd.

*Trade-Mark of Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc. Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. and in Canada



NOTE TO PRESENT MEMBERS: If you would like to have this set of THE WORLD'S GREAT THINKERS under the Club's Book-Dividend system, write for information as to how to obtain it.

Free... TO NEW MEMBERS OF THE BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

If you join now and buy as few as four books a year

THE WORLD'S GREAT THINKERS

In Four Volumes • Boxed

Retail Price $10.00

Here are the philosophies men live by... from the works of PLATO and ARISTOTLE and CONFUCIUS to those of FREUD in our own day... compiled by Saxe Commins and Robert N. Linscott.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED